

THE
Musical Companion,
In Two BOOKS.

The First Book containing *CATCHES* and *ROUNDS* for Three Voyces.

The Second Book containing *DIALOGUES*, *GLEES*, *AIRES* and
SONGS for Two, Three and Four *VOYCES*.

Collected and Published By JOHN PLAYFORD *Practitioner in MUSIC.*



London, Printed by W. Child for John Playford, at his shop in the Temple near the Church, 1673.

Musical Instruments

The following is a list of the instruments
which are now in the possession of the
Museum of Musical Instruments
at the University of Cambridge
and are available for the use of
the public.



To all Ingenuous Lovers of MUSICK.



THE former Impression of this Book finding so general acceptance, hath encouraged me to adventure another Edition; in which I have made it my care not only to amend some defectts which were in the last, but indeed almost to new Model the whole: First, by selecting out of it only such Songs as were most approved of; and by adding a considerable number which were not Printed in that Book. Secondly, by placing all for Two Voyces together; next, those for Three; and lastly, those for Four. And thirdly, Printing the several Parts in such a Method as all may Sing by one Book. Lastly, the Songs for Two, Thres and Four Parts are all Printed in the G sol re ut Cliff, for the more convenient Singing either by Boys or Men. The whole Book, as it is now Publish'd, I may truly say, the like (for so great variety of Musick) hath not been extant in this Nation, nor any other (that I have seen) beyond the Seas; the so much cry'd up Italian and French Ayres being here Imitated, if not equaliz'd in this kind: Nor could I ever yet be convinc'd but that we have at this day as able Professors of Musick of our own Nation, as any Foreinners: For the Musick is the same (abating the Language) both for Cords, Discords, Passions, Spirit and Humours. Where then is their excellency? were we not generally too apt to disesteem the Labour & Parts of our own (though otherwise elaborate & Ingenuous) Country-men. It may well be perceiv'd by the much variety herein, that my desire is to give contentment to the Skilful and Judicious; and if these my endeavours for the publick good of my Countrey, prove pleasant and delightful to them, they shall still keep him in pains to please them; who subscribes himself

Their Wellwisher,

JOHN PLAYFORD.

To his Ingenious Friend Mr. JOHN PLAYFORD, upon his MUSICAL COMPANION.

Treasurer of *Musick*, how much we
Do Owe unto thy Industry
Th' unhappy Science ne're did found
In a full *Chord*, 'till thou had'st bound

Up in one Book, the whole Consent
Of scatter'd *Musick's* Ornament.
The Choice Composers of our Age
Did each one in a private Page
Whisper unto his Muse, till now
They're made a Publick Quire by you;
Where, like to joyful Birds by th' Spring
Call'd to a pleasant Grove, they Sing
Not more their own Felicitie,
And Notes, than just Applause to thee.
Dispers'd *Absyrius's* useless Parts
Might be reduc'd with half the Arts
That thou hast exercis'd upon
Thy *Musical Companion*:

A Piece so choice, so trim, so drest,
Who would not Covet such a Guest?

Nor let vain *Momus* Carp and Crie
This Work speaks thee a *Plagiary*,
For don't we know thy depth, and skill
In *Musick*? Thou dost change, or fill,
What pleaseth not, or where it wants,
And regulate the false Descants.
Thou art as ready to Translate,
As to Transcribe, thy Book can say'r.
Thy Composition too doth raise
Equal advantage to thy praise:
And though thy Bish'p's Muse holds forth
Too small a Taste of her own Worth,

It shews enough what thou canst do,
And to thy Commendation too,
That in a thing so rare thou art
Content thy Friends should share a part:
When some like *Cesar* so high flown,
Resolve to have all or none their own.

If pity'd Ignorance yet should cast
Spite at thy Name, Oh! let him hast
For better Knowledge and Instruction
To *Playford's* famed *Introduction*.
If Nimble Wits begin to play,
Thou'rt full of *Catches* too, as they;
And more than they can prove, or Sing,
Thy Notes give Lite to what they bring.
Th' Ingenious Lover when he looks
For Am'rous pastime in thy Books,
He'll Court thy *Ayres* with all Respect,
Thou consent'st none, but are *Selects*,
And when the *Virtuosi* come,
For that sage Train thou fittest some
Good Entertainment, then set on
Thy *Musical Companion*.
But I have done, and now do hear
(Methinks thy *Genius* drawing near
To cheque my vain attempt, and tell
Thy self does only speak thee well.
I will not therefore gaul with Bayes
Thy tender Brows, nor clog with Praise
Thy fertile Merit, only here
Take leave to pay my thanks, for fear
I tempt thy Native Modestie
To flush into too deep a Dye.

 To my Friend Mr. John Playford on his new Book Entitled the *MUSICAL COMPANION*.

AS Thoughts and Faces various are,
 So's Musick; and as unconfin'd;
 Neither admit Character
 Call'd Universal more then Wind,
 Or Number: Which, Experience here
 Demonstrates both to th' Eye and Ear.

And thou, kind Friend, whose pains and cares have been
 To Publish this Harmonious Magazine,
 Enjoy thy Labours! whilst we Sing
 Peace to our NATION, Honour to our KING.

MATTHEW LOCKE.
Musick Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty.

To my Industrious Friend Mr. JOHN PLAYFORD on his *MUSICAL COMPANION*.

AMusical Companion? Good, I vow:
 I am a Musical Companion too;
 'Tis merry when Companions meet, and I
 Was form'd for such Chromatick Company.
 Musick and Poetry (beyond all doubt)
 Are Twins of Fancy, Branches of one Sprout,
 Beams of one Sun; or else, take 'em together,
 They are Canary-Birds, both of a Feather:
 Which when they shew their Art, with Learned Throats,
 One Sings in Words, the other Speaks in Notes:
 And being aptly mix'd, (as here by thee)
 No Soul and Body make more Harmonic.
 Thou hast in these well Modell'd Measures, shown
 An exact MUSICAL COMPANION.
 So methodiz'd in all, and every part,
 As if design'd by Mathematick Art.
 I gratefully remember, in those daies
 When pestilential Purity did raise
 Rebellion 'gainst the best of Princes, and
 Pious Confusion had unweav'd the Land;
 When by the Fury of the Good old Cause
 Will. Lawes was slain, by such whose Wills were Laws,
 And panting Musick almost out of Breath,
 Thou did'st retrieve its fainting powers from death;

Made the Mysterious Muse grow blith and Jocal
 Both in her Instrumental Part and Vocal:
 By publishing the Paths of Introductions
 Variety of Lessons and Instructions:

The Parish Clerks, who never knew before
 Any right Key, but that of the Church Dore,
 Are now, by Thee, instructed so, that they
 Have Rules to Tune each Psalm in th' proper Key.
 Thou hast the Art of Musick so express'd
 That it was never made more manifest.
 Thy Books have made each Reader a Disputor,
 Thy Introduction, is both Guide and Tutor:

What need our new fantastick Gallants dote
 Upon the French Air, or Italian Note:
 Since in this Magazine, form'd for the Voice
 They have a Multiplicity of Choice?
 Those of thy former Publication, were
 Collected, but all these Selected are
 With so much care, that such a numerous store
 In so good Method, ne're were done before.
 This Book shall prove (where men have Souls to Sing)
 A Musical Companion for a King.

THO. JORDAN, Gent.

An Alphabetical Table of the Catches and Rounds contained in the First Part of this Book.

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A TABLE for the Second Book, containing *Dialogues, Glee,* *Ayres and Songs of Two, Three and Four Parts.*

*Note, That the Songs marked with this Signature * are added in this Impression.*

A Table of the Dialogues.

* I Prethee keep my sheep for me
Shepherd in faith I cannot stay
Come my *Daphne*, come away
Caron O gentle *Caron*,
He that a Tinker, a Tinger will be
Bring out the Cold Chayne

* Lay that fullen Garland by thee 93
* Bring back my comfort 94
* Dost see how unregarded now 95
* From hunger and cold 96
Sweet *Fane*, sweet *Fane*, I love thee 97
* Come my *Celia*, close thine eyes 98
* Go thou emblem of my heart 100
* O the fickle state of Lovers 102
* Fair *Cloris* chants it in such sort 104
* Now is the month of Maying 105
* When fair *Aurora* 106
* Brightest, since your pitying eye 107
* Let the Lute speak 108
* *Fugite Fugite linguani* 109
* *Reproben las compallias* 110
* *Con bello gello de seras exca* 111
* *Sio mudo chi diran* 112

Victorious Beauty, though 110
* I saw fair *Cloris* walk also 111
Amidst the Mirtles as I walk 112
* Mark how the gladfom Sphens 113
Stand give the word of command 114
* In the Non-age of a winters day 115
Credo non paco del strano 116
Hear's a Health unto His Majesty 117
I with no more thou shouldst love me 118
* Though my torments far exceeds 119
* View *Lishia*, view 120
* A Lover once I did espy 121
* Keep on your Vail 122
* Dear throw that flattering Glass 123
In a season all oppressed 124
Sweet tyranness I now resign 125
Will *Cloris* cast her sun-bright eye 126
I will not trust thy tempting graces 127
O my *Clarissa* thou cruel fair 128
* Come lovely *Claris* 129
Fear not dear Love 130
Still still a new Plot 131
* *Cloris* 'twill be for eithers rest 132
In the merry month of May 133
* A Chime of Bees 134
* Arm, arm, see the Foe 135
* March to the Field 136
* Hail happy day 137
* The silver Swan who living 138
* Rise up my Dear 139

A Table of the Gleees and Songs *for Two Voyces.*

* Cast your Caps and cares away 70
Ho Maids fair Maids 71
* *Bacchus* *Iacchus* fill our brains 72
* Quench, quench in sprightly Wine 73
What if we drink let no man think 74
* 'Tis Wine that inspires 76
The thirsty Earth drinks up the rain 78
* You merry Poets old Boys 80
* Old Poets Hypocrit 81
* Now that the Spring 82
Diogenes was merry in his Tub 84
* See see the bright light shine 86
* From the Famous Peak of *Darby* 89
The Anglers Song 90
How happy art thou and I 91

A Table of Gleees and Songs *for Three Voyces.*

Now we are met 113
When *Wey Town* 114
From the fair *Lavandier* shore S 115
Gather your Rose-huds 116
Comely Swain thy first thou so 117
* Bring quickly to me *Humors* Lyre 118
* If Love love truth, then warren 119

A TABLE.

The Glories of our Birth	156	* Come come all noble souls	186	Young and simple	184
Sing fair <i>Clorinda</i>	158	* Come here's to thee <i>Fack</i>	188	Go <i>Phobus</i> go	186
* Come Lovers all to me	160	* <i>Cupid</i> h'as plac'd us	190	In the merry Month of <i>May</i>	188
Come let us laugh let us drink	162	In my sad thoughts	192	'Tis Love and Harmony	210
Since by wealth we can't prolong	164	* Hence vain affections	194	Though the Tyrant hath ravish'd	212
Ne're trouble thy self	166	* While fond desires possess me	196	When Fair <i>Clorinda</i>	214
Fly boy, to the Cellar bottom	168	<i>Bihamas bilares vinum hispanicum</i>	198	Come let us sit let us drink	216
* Let the Bells now Ring	170			How harmless and free	218
Smiths are good fellows	172			<i>Carolus, Casbarina</i>	220
Where the Bee sucks	174			The Irish Song	222
Turn <i>Amorillis</i> to thy Swain	176			The Waits.	223
Come <i>Damon</i> leave	178				
Cease <i>Damon</i> , cease	180				
* Peace <i>Damon</i> peace	182				
* O <i>Damon</i> come away	184				

A Table of the Ayres and Songs for Four Voyces.

Come <i>Clorinda</i> hie we to the bow'r	200
Though I am young	202

Advertisement relating to the First Book.

I Thought it necessary for Information of some Songsters who are not well acquainted with the Nature and Manner of Singing Catches, to give them these Directions: First, a Catch is a Song for three Voyces, wherein the several Parts are included in one; or, as it is usually termed, Three Parts in One. Secondly, The manner of Singing them is thus, The First begins and Sings the Catch forward, and when he is at that Note over which this [S:] Mark or Signature is placed, the Second begins and Sings forward in like manner, and when he is Singing that Note over which the said Signature is, the Third begins and Sings, following the other, each Singing it round two or three times over, and so conclude.

This kind of *Musick* hath for many Years past been had in much estimation by the most Judicious and Skillful Professors of *Musick*, for the Excellency of the Composition and Pleasant Harmony; and no late *Musick* that I have met with affords so much Delightful Recreation, though some fond Ignorant Novices in *Musick* have cry'd them down, because the height of their Skill is not able to understand them. But being unwilling so much good *Musick* should be buried in oblivion, it has made me adventure them once more into the World, for the benefit of future Ages: And I am sure they will be welcome at this time to many Judicious Persons, to whom I recommend them; For this is a Catching Age, all kind of Catches and Catchers are abroad, Catch that Catch can, Catch that Catch may, Thine Catch it, and mine Catch it; But these harmless Outcries my wish is, those that Catch them with delight to Learn and for Instruction, may hereby reap both Pleasure and Delight: But those that Catch at them with detraction (as that is a Catching disease) may Catch only the Fruits of their own Envy and Malice. But to conclude, Take the Commendatory Lines of my old Friend, Mr. *John Eliot*, who was Author and first Publisher of most of these Catches.

Catches are Catches, be they better or worse,
And those may prove hopeful if not spoil'd as *Musick*

That the Judicious may see right the Fault:
In time by this means, they may walk without Crutches,



OW that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and a-Give
fire, and made green liveries for the Plains, and e-ve-ry Grove a

Quire : Sing we this Song with mirth and mer-ry glee, and Bac-chus crown the

bowls; and here's to thee, and thou to me, and eve-ry thirsty soul. Share sheep that

have them, cry we still, but see that none e-scape to take off the Sher-ry that

make us so mer-ry, and plump as the lussy Grape.



Urn *Amarillis*, to thy Swain, thy *Damon* calls thee back again. Here is a



pretty, pretty, pretty Arbour by, where *Apol-lo*, where *Apol-lo* cannot



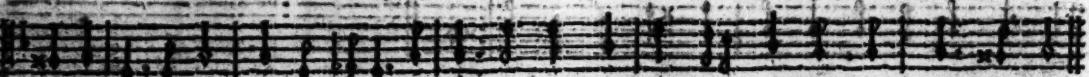
spy : There let's sit, and whilst I play, sing to my Pipe a Round-de-lay. Turn, *Ore*.



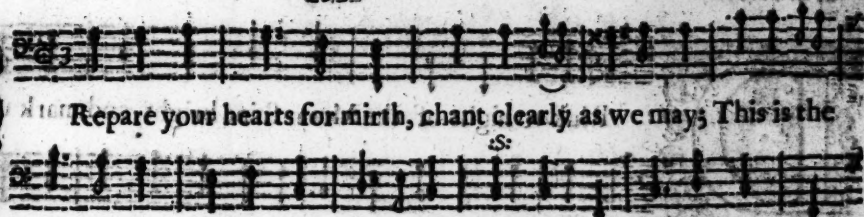
O *Damon* go, *Amaril-lis* bids adieu ; go seek another Love, but prove to



her more true. No, no, I care not for you pretty Arbour nigh, although great *A-*



pol-lo cannot spy : Nor will I sit to hear you play, nor tune my voice to your Round-de-lay.



Repair your hearts for mirth, chant clearly as we may; This is the

Muses birth, let us make Holiday: See here they all are come, no



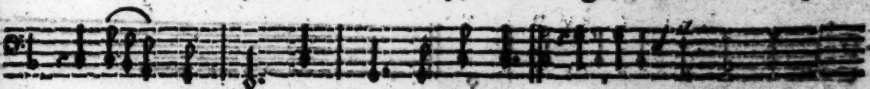
man shews discontent, but lively fill the room with honest mer-ri-ment: That the sweet



Muses nine may know and plainly see, our offridg: at the Shrine is Love and Harmonie.



Boat a Boat, haste to the Ferry, for we'll go over to be metry;



to laugh and sing, and drink old Sherry. A Boat, &c. Mr. Jenkins.



Rise to night of the Moon-shine bright, and mark upon her border

some Rites to be done to *Phœbus* the Sun, in trim and comely order :

First that ap-pear are the Priests of the year, with their Sen-fors full of Wine ;

then *Cynthia* bright, in all her light, the goddess most Divine: And as they pass they

drink and sing, All health and praise to *A-pol-lo* their King, All health and

praise to *A-pol-lo* their King.



Come hither *Tom*, and make up three, and sing this Catch with

me: Though the Tune be old, I dare be bold 'tis good, if we

all agree: So, now comes in my noble *Jack*; keep Time upon his back: If he

miss, I do swear, Ile pull him by the ear, un-til I do hear it crack. Now

listen to the Bass, for he will us dis-grace; I fear the Lout will first be out, he

makes such an ugly face.



One honest friends and jo---vial boys, follow, follow, follow, follow
follow, follow me, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this
Catch; and sing this Catch mer-ry, mer-ri-ly. Jo---vial boys and honest friends, follow
follow me, come follow, follow me, come follow me, and sing this Catch, and sing this
Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch mer-ry, mer-ri-ly
Honest friends come fol-low me, jo---vial boys, come follow, follow me, and sing this

2. 3. Voc.

[7]



Catch, and sing this Catch, and sing this Catch, sing this Catch; mer-ry, mer-ri-ly.

2. 3. Voc.

Mr. Edmund Nelham.



Onder he goes takes Corns from your Toes, cures the Gout and



all woes, call him hi-ther, His skill I will try, be-fore he pass



by, or sure I shall dye this weather: The reports of you fame Sir, call you again Sir;



shew your skill, or shame you face e-ver.



Hat are we met? Come let's see if here's 'nough to sing this Glee:

Look about, count your number, Singing will keep us from

crazie slumber: *One, two and three, so ma-ny their be that can sing, the rest for Wine*

may ring: Here is *Tom, Jack and Har-ry*, sing a-way and do not tar-ry, mer-ri-ly

now let's sing, carouse and tip-ple; here's *Bristow* milk, come suck this Nipple:

There's a fault Sir, never halt Sir before a Cripple.



Ang forrow, and cast a-way care, and let us drink up our Sack:



They say 'tis good to che-rish the blood, and for to strengthen



the back: 'Tis wine that makes the thoughts as-pire, and fills the bo-dy with



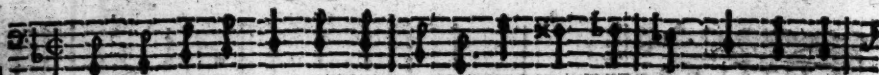
heat, besides 'tis good, if well understood, to fit a man for the feat: Then call and



drink up all, the Drawer is ready to fill, a pox of care, what need we to spare,



my Fa-ther hath made his Will.



Ave you a ny work for a Tinker Mistriss, old Brass, old Pots, or



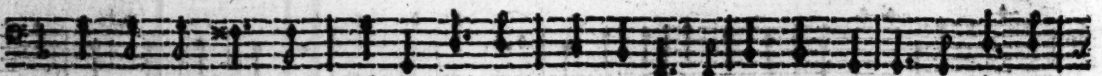
Kettles? I'll mend them all with a tink, terry tink, and never hurt your



Mettles: First let me have but a touch of your Ale, 'twill steel me 'gainst cold



weather, or Tinkers Frees, or Vintners Lees, or To-bac-co, chuse you whether :



But of your Ale, your nap-py Ale, I would I had a Fer-kin; but I am old, and



ve-ry ve-ry cold, and never wear a Jer-kin.

a. 3. Voc.

[II]

Mr. John Hilton.



Come follow follow me, come follow follow me, and we will to the

Tavern go with mirth and mer-ry glee: We'll each man take his cup,

what e-ver us be-fal; and we will drink all up, all up, and for another call: Then

let us mer-ry be: Be merry my noble hearts, for a cup of old Sherry will make us merry,

and we'll sing well our Parts. Come, &c.



R Ow the Boat *Whit-ing-ton*, thou worthy *Ci-ti-zen*, Lord Mayor of *London*.

C 2



EE how in gath'ring of their May, each Lad and Lass do kifs and



play, do kifs loves hole, and play with loves hole, do kifs and play, do



kifs and play : Each thing doth smile, as it would say, thi is loves hole, loves Holy day,



loves hole do kifs, and play with loves hole, loves hole, loves Holy-day ;



and while loves kind-ly fires do sing, hark *Phi-lo-mel* doth sweetly sing, sweet, sweet,



sweet, sweet, sweet, doth sweet-ly sing.



Here was three Cooks in *Galebrook*, and they fell out with our Cook,



and all was for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of *Colebrook*:



There was Swath Cook, and Slash Cook, and thy Nose in my Nasse Cook, and all was



for a Pudding he took, and from the Cook of *Colebrook*. They all fest up on our Cook,



and mumbled him so that he did look as black as the Pudding Pudding he took, and



from the Cook of *Colebrook*. There was, &c.



Come follow me, Brave Hearts, and stout-ly play your parts; Sound
out the Trumpets, sound out the Trumpets, sound out the Trumpets,
with Pi-stols, Swords and Darts: Keep your Ranks, and stand your ground; let the
Trumpets bravely sound; bravely sound, and the Drums dub a dub a dub beat; and
if we give the foil, and if we give the foil, sound out the Trumper, sound out the
Trumpet, sound out the Trumpets, then Souldiers take the spoil.

SEE how Ca-woods Dragon looks which frights from far the Parle-
ment Rooks, which like to fa-tal Ravens cry Pork, Pork, Pork, to
prey upon my Lord of York, but we have Guns against their Plots, and those that cry
Ca-wood Ca-wood Ca-wood fears you not.

HA we to the o--ther world, where 'tis thought they ve-ry mer-ry be,
there the Man in the Moon drinks Claret, a Health to thee and me!



O *Co-ri-don* thou Swain, I am thy lovely *Phil-lis*; my love runs down a-
 main, to drink to thee my will is: Once a-gain fill's a quart of Sack
 Boy, and let us be full merry, for now my ve-ry back Boy, with drinking of old Sherry
 be-gins to crack boy: So *Co-ri-don*, my Love, thy *Phil-lis* bids adue, till powers from a-
 bove do grant thee a new kind Tur-tle dove.
 U *Or mea Ox-or pol-la O si-frangat Su-a Col-la, pol-la col-la col-la pol-la.*



Ave you ob-serv'd the Wench in the Street? She's scart a--ny Hose or Shoos



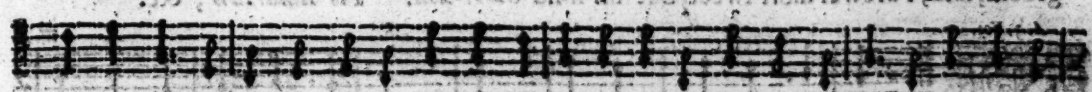
thet feet, Yet she is ve-ry merry; and when she cries, she sings, I ha bor Codlins,



bor Codlins: Or have you ever seen, or heard The mortal with a Lyon's curly beard, He lives as mer-ri-ly as



a--ny heart can with, And still he cries *Buy a Brish, Buy a Brish*. Since these are mer-ry, why should

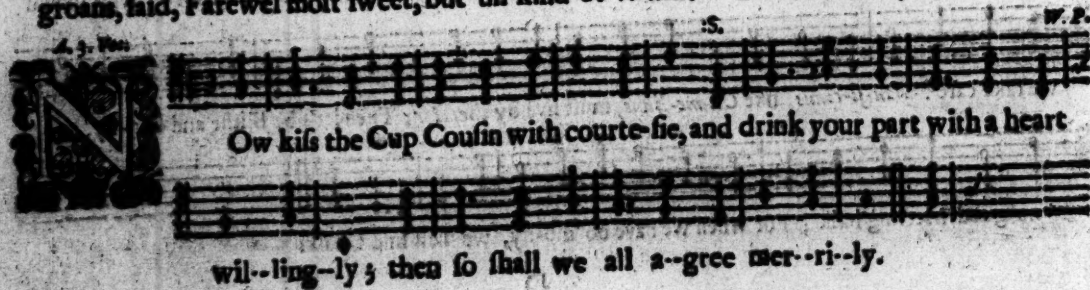
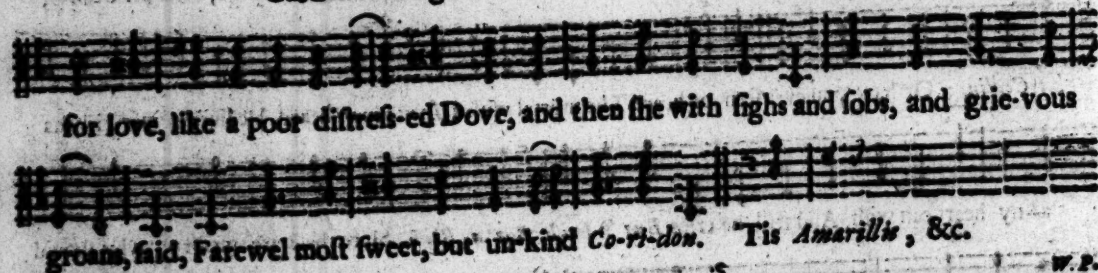
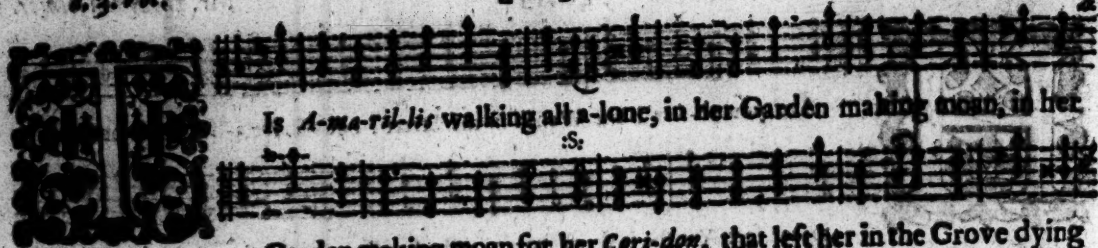


we take care? *Mu-si-cians*, like *Ca-me-lians*, must live by the *Ayr*: Then let's be Blithe and bon-ny, and



no good Meeting balt; For when we have no mo-ny, we shall find Chalk.

vi-ir-rom 2218-n la-ew Hall of mds xyl-poll-liv



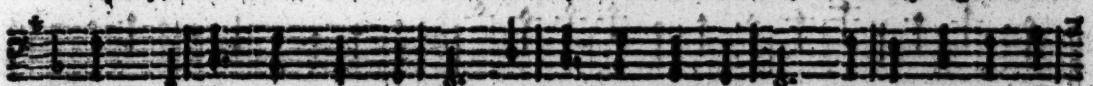
The Plain Song.



bell : Oh cru-el Death ! that stops the breath of him I lov'd so well ; A-lack and well a-way, tis a



heavy day, as e-ver us be-fel : Then for his sake, some or-der let us take, that we may ring his Knell :




Ding, dong, ding, ding, ding, dong, bell : Ding, ding, ding, ding, dong bell : Hark, hark, I hear the



Belman near, I hear the bell come ringing : Go Belman on be-fore, and stand at the dore, for now the



Corse is bringing ; make ready all anon, that we may be gone, for all the Bells are ringing, Ding, dong.



One drink to me, and I will drink to thee, to thee, and then shall we full well agree.

I have lov'd the jol-ly Tankard full sei-ven Winters and more, I lov'd it so long

hill that I went up-on the score. He that loves not the Tankard is no ho-nest man, no ho-nest

man. And he is no right Soul-dier that loves not the Can-ied Tap the Ca-ni-kin, to's the Ca-ni-kin,

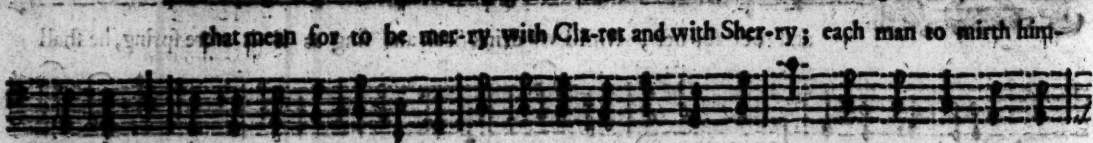
stole the Ca-ni-kin, turn the Ca-ni-kin. Hold, good Son, and fill us a fresh Can, that we may quaff it

round about from man to man. Come, &c.

Hany fo: wife is that Sack he de-spi-ses, let him drink his Small Beer
and be so-ber, whilst we drink Sack and sing as if it were spring, he shall
droop like the Trees in Oc-to-ber. But be sure o-ver night if this Dog do you bite, you take it hence-
forth for a war-ning, soon as out of your bed, to set-tle your head, take a hair of his tail in the
mor-ning: And be not so sil-ly, to follow old Lil-ly, for there's nothing but Sack that can tune us
let his No-assu-s--cas be put in his Cap-cas, and sing. Bi-bi-so vi-vum te-ju-vu.



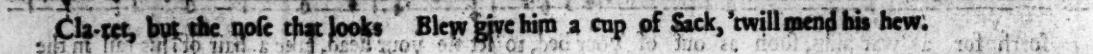
S Hew a Room, Hew a Room, Hew a Room; here's a Knot of Good-Fellows are come



that mean for to be mer-ry with Cla-ret and with Sher-ry; each man to mirth him-



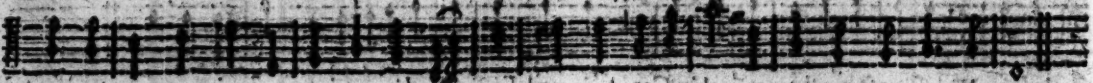
self dis-po-se, and for the Rack'ning tell Noses: Give the red nose some White, and the pale nose some



Cla-ret, but the nose that looks Blew give him a cup of Sack, 'twill mend his hew.

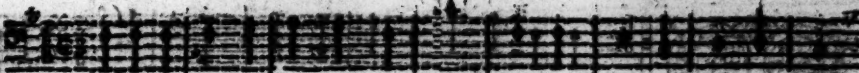


F you will drink Ca-na-ry at the Paul-head, let's meet old Harry, There's wine that will fright



from the fearful sight, the hea-vy cares of night; 'tis such as a-bove they slip from the Palm of Jove.

Mr. William Lawes.



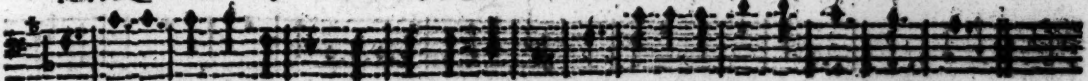
One let us cast the Dice who shall drink : Mine is Twelve , and his Sixe five :



Sixe and Four is thine, and he threw Nine : Come a-way Sink tray, Sixe ace fair



play, Quater dewce is your throw Sir ; Quater ace, they run low Sir, two Dewces I see, Dewce ace is but



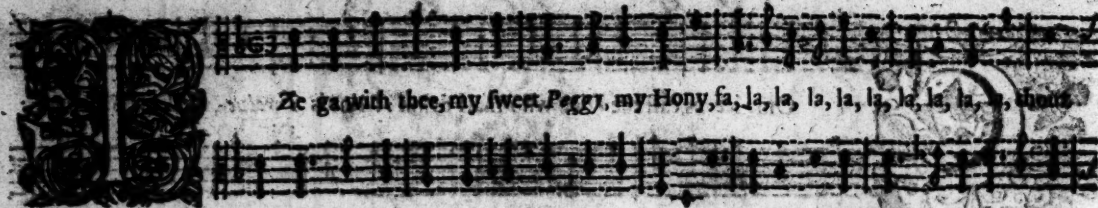
three. Oh where is the Wine ? come fill up his Glasse, for here is the man hath thrown Nine ace.



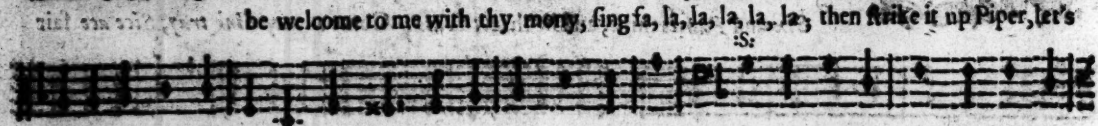
All for the Ale stand or fall, we'll drink a health to the Fat-man, I would it were in



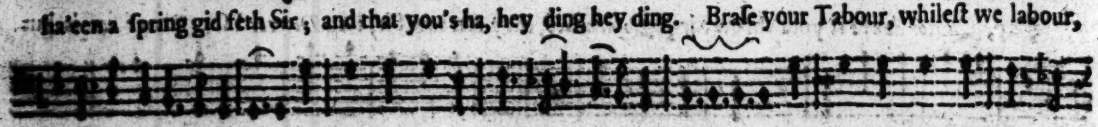
Sack, though mo-ny we lack, fill us r'other Pot man.



Ze ga with thee, my sweet Peggy, my Hony, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, thou



be welcome to me with thy money, sing fa, la, la, la, la, then strike it up Piper, let's



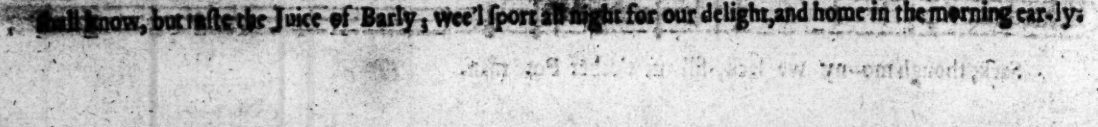
ha'een a spring gid feth Sir, and that you's ha, hey ding hey ding. Braise your Tabour, whilest we labour,



Fa, la, la, la, la, la, hark how the Drone be low a-lone doth Hum, whilst my Pigney cries fie, fie,



fie, fie, I say no more but mum. Thou and I will foot it for, fa, la, la, la, la, la, and what wee'l do neen



shall know, but after the Juice of Barly, wee'l sport all night for our delight, and home in the morning ear-ly.

a. 3. Voc.

[24]

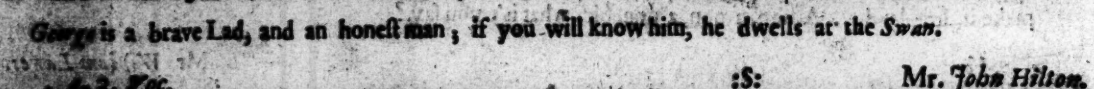
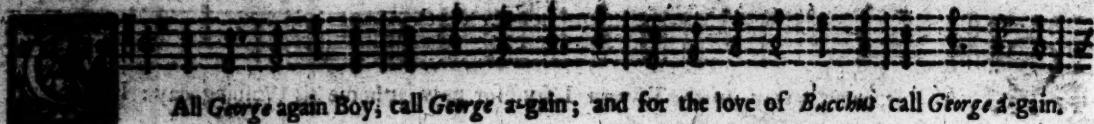
Mr. John Hilton.

Come, come a-way, to the Ta-vern I say, for now at home 'tis Washing day: Leave your
prie-ble prat-ble, and fill us a Pot-ble, you are not so wise as *A-ri- stot-ble*. Draw'r, come a-way, let's
make it ho-ly-day. A-non, a-non, a-non, Sir, what is't you say?

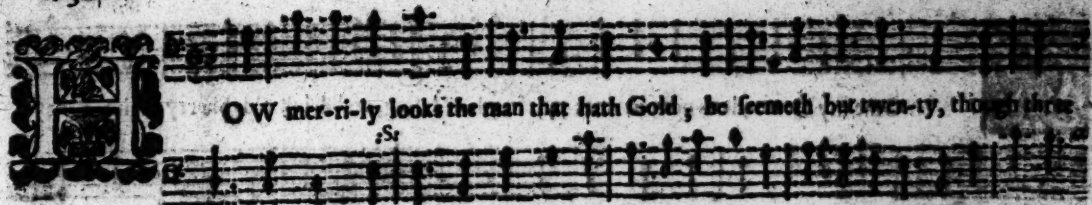
a. 3. Voc.

Mr. William Lawes.

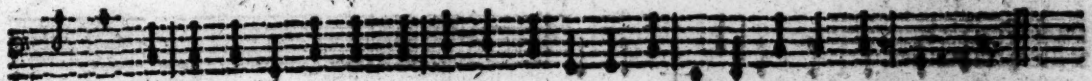
Let's cast a-way care, and merri-ly sing, there is a time for every thing: He that plays at his
Work, or works in his Play, neither keeps Working nor yet Ho-ly-day. Set bu-si-ness aside, and let us be
mer-ry, and drown our dry thoughts in *Ca-na-ry* and *Sher-ry*.



*We have oft been together,
Now we must leave sweet Wines and Weather:
We have oft time with a Bunc boy
Neatly, neatly, in a strong boy,
Neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, neatly, in a strong boy.*



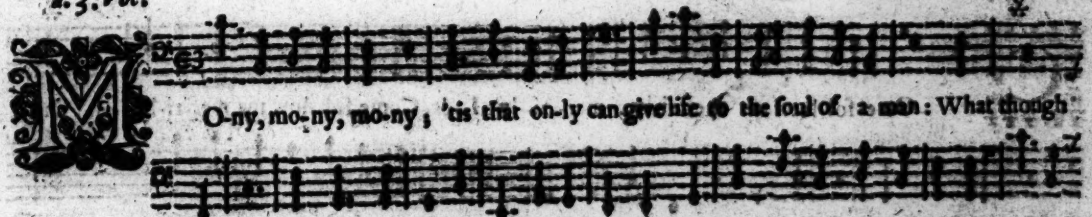
OW mer-ri-ly looks the man that hath Gold, he seemeth but twen-ty, though three-
score years old? How nimble's the Bee that flyeth about, and gathereth honey within and



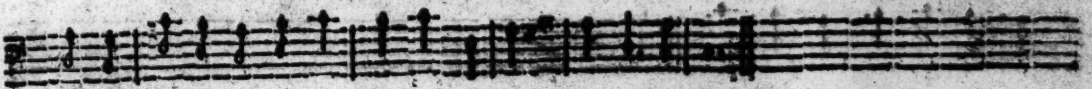
without: But men without mo-ny, and Bees without ho-ny, are nothing bet-ter then Drones, Drones.

4. 3. Voc.

Mr. Thomas Holmes.



O-ny, mo-ny, mo-ny, 'tis that on-ly can give life to the soul of a man: What though
some men of vain be-lief do o-ther aid wish and implore? Mony, mony, mony, mony,



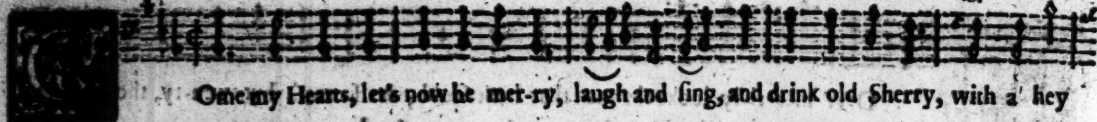
mo-ny, mo-ny, is the chief: Give me but that, I'll ask no more.

E 2

A. 3. Rec.

[28]

Mr. John Hilton.
S:



One my Hearts, let's now be mer-ry, laugh and sing, and drink old Sherry, with a hey



down a der-ry, with a hey down, hey down der-ry; with a hey, with hoe, with a hey down, down,



down, down der-ry; with a hey down der-ry.

A. 3. Rec.

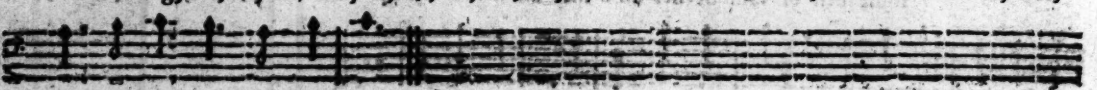
Mr. Edmund Nelham.



One fol-low me mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Lads, Come fol-low me mer-ri-ly, ah, and



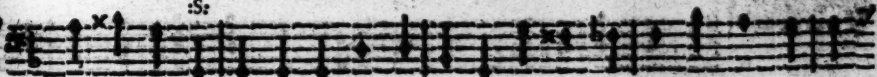
we will sing, Sol, Fa, Fa, Sol, Fa, Fa, Fa, Sol, Sol, Fa. Put Sol be-fore La, and Fa af-ter Me, Sol,



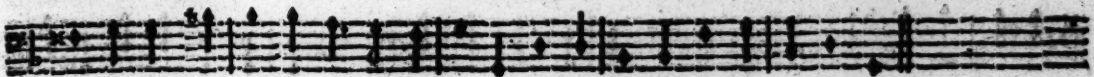
La, Me, Fa, Me, La, Me, Fa.



Dick and Ste-phen you'r wel-come hi-ther, let Neighbors Chil-dren hold
:S:



to-ge-ther: If thou dost love me as I do love thee, how well shall we love one



a-no-ther? Then let's be mer-ry and drink a-bout, and no-ver part till all be our.



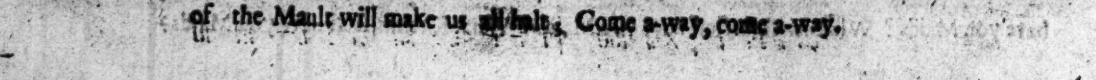
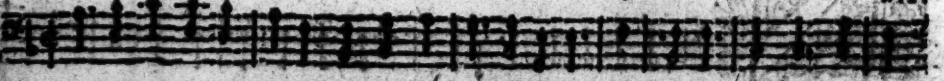
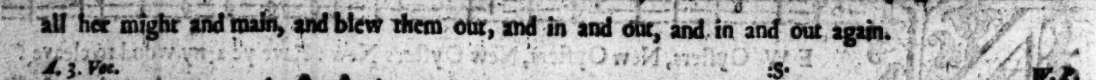
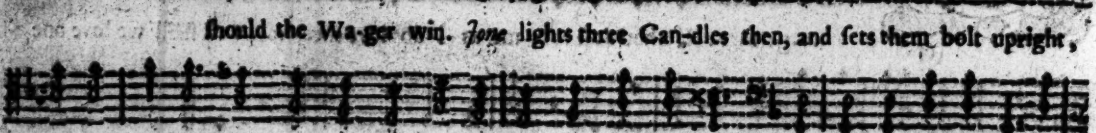
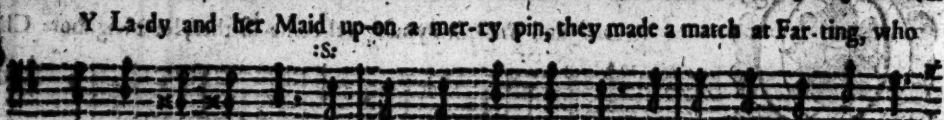
E W Oysters, New Oysters, New Oysters New: Have ye a-ny wood to cleave?



Have ye any wood to cleave? Have you a-ny wood to cleave? What Kir-chin stuff



have you Maids? What Kirchin-stuff have you Maids? What Kirchin-stuff have you Maids?



Y La-dy and her Maid up-on a mer-ry pin, they made a match at Far-ting, who

should the Wa-ger win. *She* lights three Can-dles then, and sets them bolt upright,

with the first Fart she blew them out, with the next she gave them light. In comes my La-dy then with

all her might and main, and blew them out, and in and out, and in and out again.

Ill's a Pipe of Tobac-co, with a quart of old Sacko, O do not stay! For the juice

of the Mault will make us all hale, Come a-way, come a-way.

W Hen women a Gossiping meet to-gether, their tongues do run they won not whether, their
 Notes be sharp, their Tongues be long, Twittle twattle, twittle twattle twattle is all their Song.

W Hen e-ver I marry, I'll marry a Maid, I'll marry a Maid, for Widows are wilful, for
 Widows are wil-ful, and must be o-bey'd.

F Fortune favour, I may have her, for I am a-bout her; if Fortune fail, you may kiss her
 tail, and go without her: Her tail. H, &c.

a 3. Voc.

[32]

Mr. Edward Nelbarn.



Laves to the world shall be rest in a Blan-ket; if I might have my will like to the



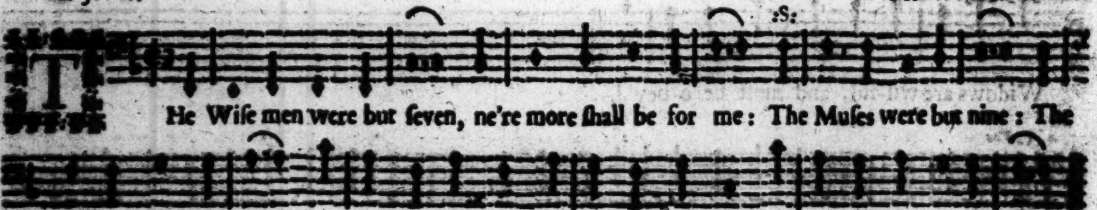
Wheel that's tur-ning up so fast on yon-der Hill, and falls down a-gain, and



down a-gain the ground it touch un-till.

A. 3. Voc.

Mr. William Lawes.



He Wife men were but seven, ne're more shall be for me: The Muses were but nine: The



Worthies three times three. And three mer-ry Boys, and three mer-ry Boys, and three mer-ry Boys are we.

The Virtues they were seven, and three the greater be,
The *Cæsars* they were twelve, and the fatal Sisters three:
And three merry Girls, and three merry Girls are we.



Rm, arm, arm, arm, for our ancient Foe, clad in frost and snow, cold Winter now ap-

:S:

pears : Here is Wine and Fire, on then brave Boys, this will make him retire, if he dare

come near, Trust to Sack, not steel, what though it makes you Ree-----le, twit-tle twat-tle,

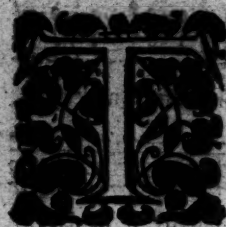
fills a-no-ther por-tle.

a. 4. Voc.

:S:

C U B A K, and evermore will be, though John Cooke he saith Nay, O

What a Knave is he.



H-E sil-ver Swan, who li-ving had no Note, till death approach'd un-



lock'd her si-lent throat, leaning her breast against the Rec-dy-Shore, thus sung



her first and last, and sung no more: Fare-well all joys: Oh death come close my eyes, more



Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than Wife.

A. 3. Voc.

:S:



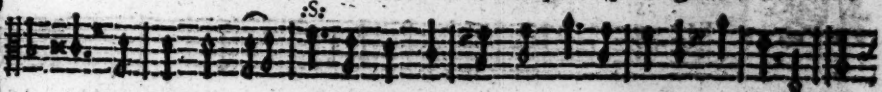
It jacet Tom Short-hose, si-ne Tombe, si-ne Sheet, si-ne Riches, qui vix-it si-ne Cloke,



si-ne Shirt, si-ne Breeches, qui vix-it si-ne Cloke, si-ne Shirt, si-ne Breeches.



Womans rule should be in such a fashion, on--ly to guide her household



and her passion; and her o--be-dience ne-ver out of sea-son, so long, so long



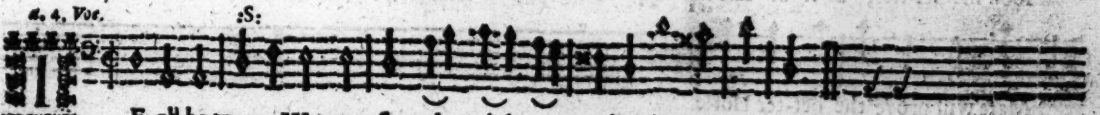
as ei-ther Hus-band lasts or rea-son. Ill fares the hap'less fa-mi-ly that shows a Cock that's si-lent, a



Cock that's silent, and a Hen that crows. I know not which live more un-na-tural lives, o-- be-dient

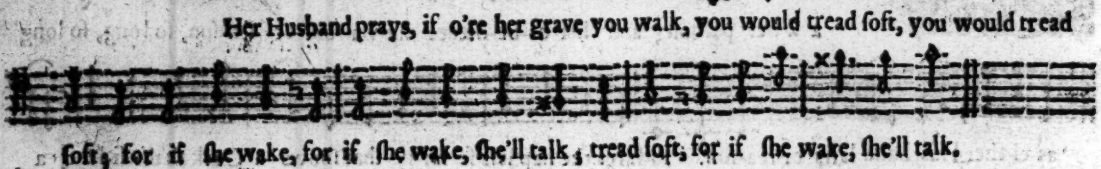
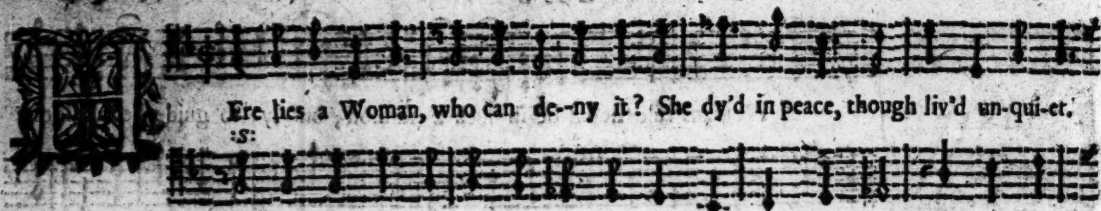


Husbands or com-man-ding, or com-man-ding Wives.



F all be true as Women say, the night as good as is the day. If, &c.

F 2



When Women will ever be nice,
Foolish, Proud, and Manly wife,
And their wanton Humour itches

To wear their Husbands widest Breeches :
Ware ho, ware ; for then of force
The Mare will prove the better Horle.



Ere dwells a pretty Maid, whose name is *Sis*, you may come in and kiss; Her

hole, her hole, her hole, her whole estate is seventeen pence a year; yet you may

kiss, you may kiss, you may kiss, you may kiss her, if you come but near.

:S: Mr. John Cobb.



Ey hoe, hey hoe, hearts delight, strong Ale is good in Winter, Do a fair Maid

up-on a Brass Pot, and the Child will prove a Tinker, tink, tink, tink, tink,

tink, tink, tink, te-ra tink, tink, tink te-ra re-ra tink, tink, tink.

S He that will eat her Breakfast in her bed, and spend the morn in dres-sing of her
 head, and sit at din-ner like a Maiden Bride, and no-thing do all day, but talk of
 pride: *Love* of his mer-cy may do much to save her, but what a case is he in that shall have her?

N E-ver let a man take hea-vi-ly the clamour of his Wife, but be rul'd by me, and
 lead a merry life, let her have her will in ev'ry thing; if she scolds, then laugh and
 sing hey der-ry, der-ry, der-ry ding. Never, &c.

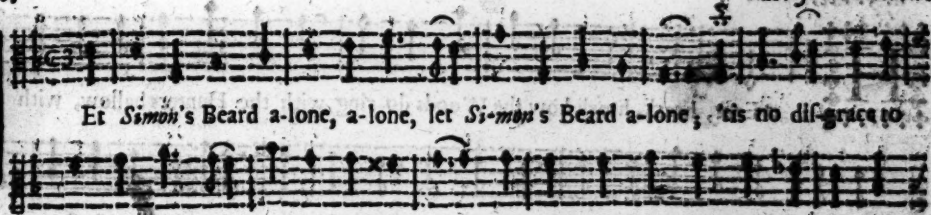


Ose-law'd with Goose for Co-sin Ganders Land, and For the Law-yer took the

Cause in hand, Term being ended, Judgment did proceed, like Fools they met, and



Beggars they agreed: Then to dig, and delve, and plough both went, to get by pain what Idly they had spent.



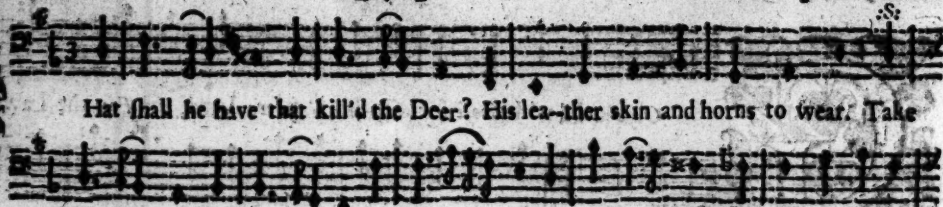
Et *Si-mon's* Beard a-lone, a-lone, let *Si-mon's* Beard a-lone, 'tis no dis-grace to



Si-mon's face, for he had ne-ver one: Then mock not, nor scoff not, nor jeer not,



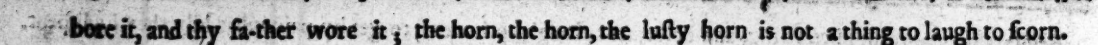
nor fleet not; but ra-ther him be-moan.



Hat shall he have that kill'd the Deer? His lea-ther skin and horns to wear. Take



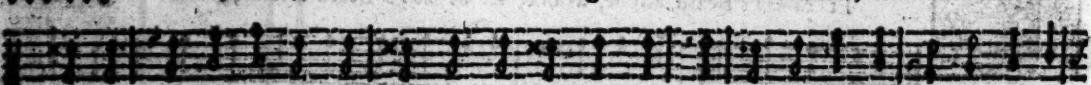
you no scorn to wear a horn, it was a creast e're thou was born, thy fathers father



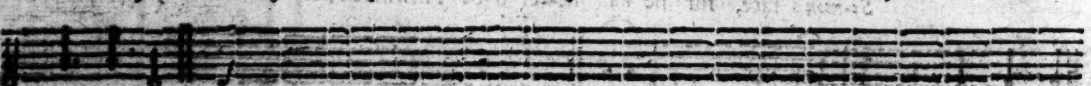
bore it, and thy fa-ther wore it, the horn, the horn, the lusty horn is not a thing to laugh to scorn.



Earl, heark, heark how the Woods do ring with the Hunters hallow, with the Hun-ters



hal-low, and the Cry that they fol-low, that they fol-low. O! this is Musick, this is Musick



for a King. Heark, &c.

:S:



The wily, wily Fox, with his many wily mocks, we'll earth him if you'll but follow. And



when that we have don't, to conclude this merry haunt, let us roundly whoop and hollow. Prethee drink



prethee drink, prethee prethee prethee drink, that the Hunters may follow.

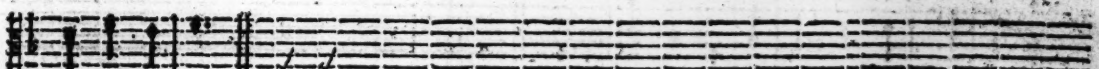
:S:



He Pot, the Pipe, the Quart, the Can, hath spoyled ma-ny an ho-nest man :



The Hare and Horn, the Hawk, and Whore, hath quite undone, quite undone



as ma-ny more. The Pot, &c.

No. 3. Voc.

A Maying Catch.

[42]

Mr. John Hilton.



Come let us all a May-ing go, and lightly, and lightly trip it to and fro: The



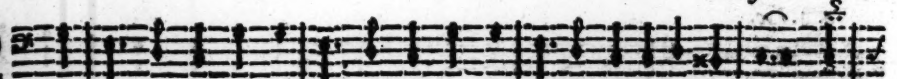
Bells shall ring a, the Bells shall ring, and the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo, the Cuckoo sing;



The Drums shall beat, the Fife shall play, and so wee'l pass our time a-way.

No. 3. Voc.

Mr. John Hilton.



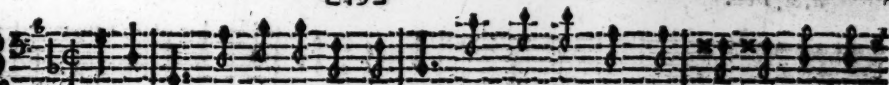
Come jump at thy Cousin, jump at thy Cousin, jump at thy Cousin and kifs, That



men may say a-no-ther day, What jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping, What



jumping, jumping, jumping, jumping call you this?



Oy go down, and fill the rother, Quart, that we may drink the Captains health be-



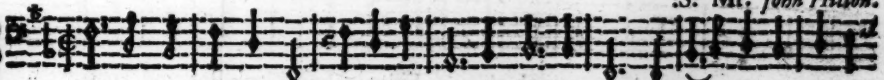
fore that we depart. Make haste and come away, for here we must not stay, be nimble



then you Knave, wee'll meet a-no-ther day : Oh do not frown you arrant Clown, when we cry, Boy,

a. 3. Voc.

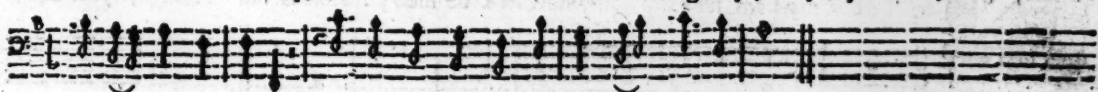
:S: Mr. John Hilson.



Own in a dungeon deep, I heard a fear-ful, fearful noyse, The Prisoners could not



sleep, there were such Roa ——— ring Boys, They cry'd aloud, Some Tobac-

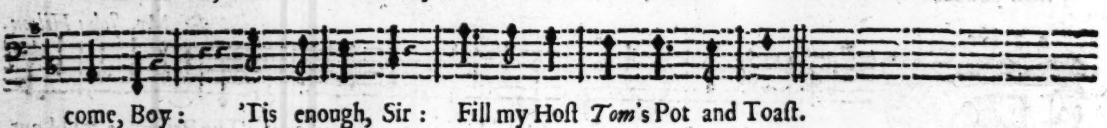


co and Sacko, Sacko, quickly, quickly, quick-ly, quickly Boys.

4.3. *Voc.*

[44]

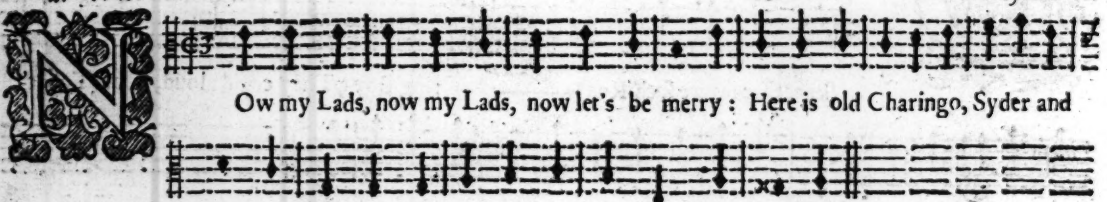
Mr. Cranford.



a. 3. Voc.

:S:

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Per-ry: Then let us dance and sing, Hey down, down der-ry.

a. 3. Voc.

[45]

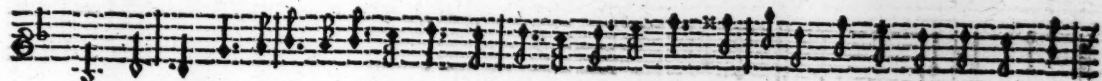
Mr. John Hilton.



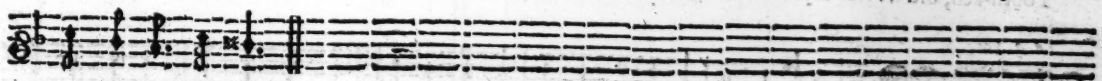
E thinks that I do hear the voyce of *Chantecleer*, the day begins to



peep, a-rise my Dear, Come a-way, come, come a way, come, come a-way,

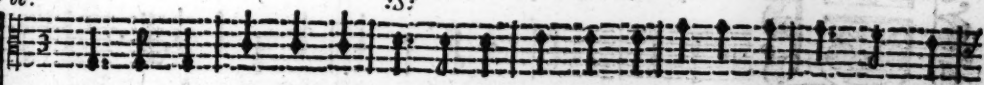


make no de-lay, *Apol-lo* rideth post, my love is almost lost; A-las a-lack, and well a day! was

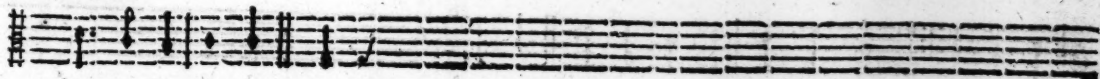


e-ver man thus crost?

a. 4. Voc.



O to *Joane Glover*, and tell her I love her, and at the mid of the Moon

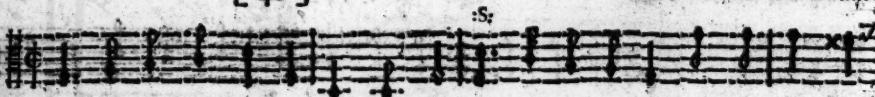


I wil come to her. Go, &c,

3. Voc.

[46]

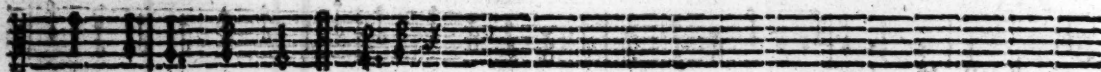
Mr. Edmund Nelham.



Ake a pound of Butter made in *May*, clap it to her A— in a Summers



day, and ever as it melts, then lick it clean away : 'Tis a Med'cine for the



Tooth-ach, old Wives say. Take, &c.

3. Var.



Ey hoe, behold I will shew a Pye or Par-rot, chuse you whether. Now he prattles,



look hoe, then we may both shake hands together. Thou pratest like a



Cuckoo, then we may both shake hands together. Hey hoe, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

[47]

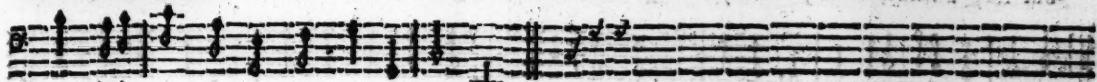
Mr. George Holmes.
:S:



Illt thou be Fat ? I'll tell thee how thou shalt quickly do the feat, And that so plump a



thing as thou wast never yet, made up of meat : Drink off thy Sack, 'twas onc--ly



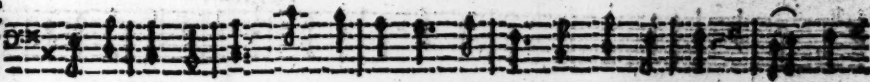
that made *Bacchus*, and *Jack Falstaff* Fat Fat. Wilt, &c.

a. 3. Voc.

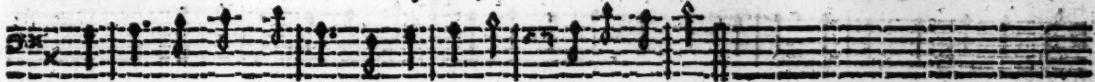
Mr. George Holmes.



Ow ev--ry Fat-man I advise that scarce can peep out of his eyes, which being



set can hard-ly rise ; drink off drink off his Sack and free-ly quaff, 'twill make



him lean, but make me laugh to tell him how 'tis on a staff.

T Hese are the Cries of *Lon-don* Town, some go up-street and some go down ; Now if you will

but stay a while, sweetly it will, sweetly it will the time beguile, to hear each one with singing cry their

several things as they pass by : I have Hot Pip-pin pies, hot. Will you have a-ny Milk, Maid ? Buy a Brush.

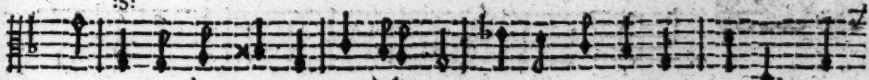
MY Mistriß will not be content to take a jape, a jape, a jape, as *Chaucer* meant ;

But following still the womans fashion, allows it, allows it of the new translation : Nor with the

word shal I not dispense, and yet, and yet, and yet, and yet : I know she loves the sense.



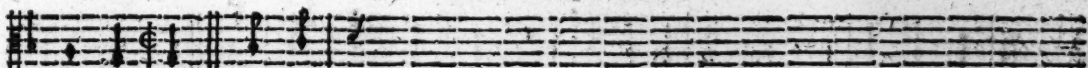
Wilt thou lend me thy Mare to ride a mile? No, she's lame, going over a



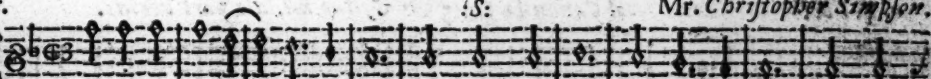
Stile. But if thou wilt her to me spare, thou shalt have mony for thy Mare.



Oh, say ye so, say ye so, mo-ney will make my Mare to go, mo-ney will make my



Mare to go Wilt thou, &c.



L Saw fair *Cloris* walk a-lone, when Feather'd rain came softly down; And *Love*



de-scen ding from his Tow'r To court her in a Sil-ver show'r.



Ere's a Health to King *Charles* and all that love him: Let ev'ry one

take it, and no man forsake it, a-bout let it pass, take ev'ry man's Glas:

Come, take off your liquor, 'twill make you sing quicker; good fates still attend him,

and e-ver defend him; fair Vi-ctory crown his Name with renown.

a. 3. Voc.

A Canon in the 5 & 8. the middle part begins.

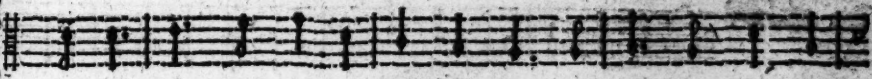


Ong live King *Charles*, most hap-py days to see: All joys to Him, to Him, all

joys to Him, and His Po-steri-tie.



Ester-night I was full merry with a Cup of Claret, and of



Sherry: Much To-bac-co' did I take, which made my pate full



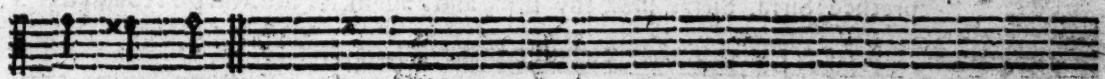
fore to ake. When the Drink is in the Cup, I can fet it here and there, but when it



gets in-to the Crown, it ne-ver leaves till I be down: Wherefore, Sirs, let us for-



bear to be ex-cessive, or to Swear: And then I vow un-to you all, Honest men I



will you call.

H a



Ellicome, Brother, to this Arbour, here you'll find your safest harbour ;



fear not, Sir, nor start away, Acti-on here may safely stay : But be



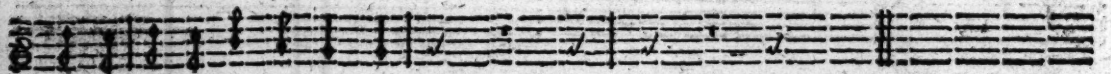
sure you stay not long, lest you pay dear for your Song.



Ound a Round a Round a Round, Round a Round a Round a, Prethee



prethee Sirra, Sirra, shew thy skill, and again let the Mill go Round a ;



prethee Sirra, Sirra, shew thy ~~Deu wato~~, can't sing so fast, Com.



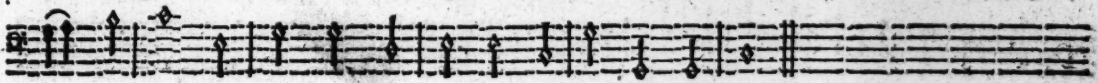
Pox on our Gaoler, and on his fat Jole, there's Liberty lies in



the bottom oth' Boll: A fig for what ever the Ras-cal can doe;



our Dungeon is deep, but our Cups are so too: Then drink we a Round in despite



of our foes, and make our hard Irons cry Clink in the Close.

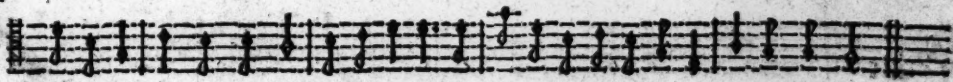
a. 3. Voc.

:S:

Mr. Ives.

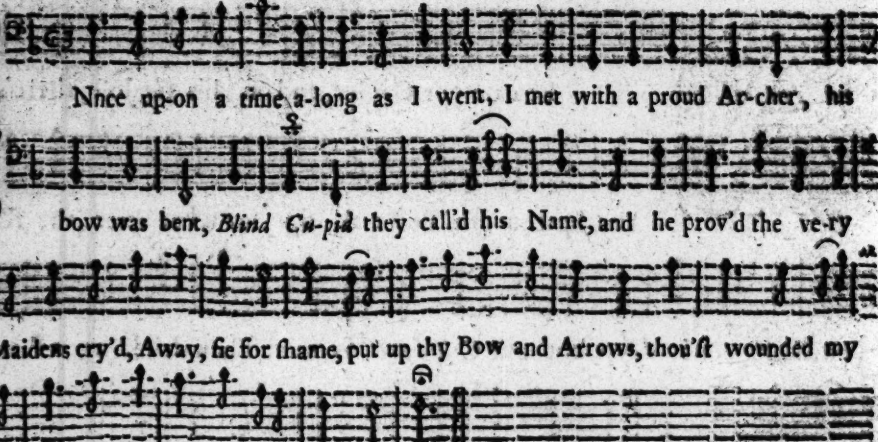


Hus saith the Wiseman all is Vanity under the Sun: All is Vanity, Vanity of

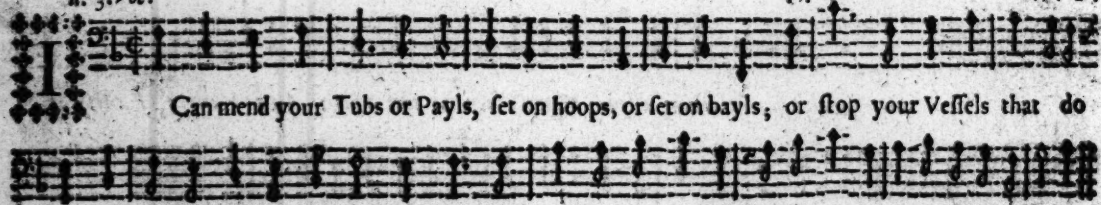


Vanity under the Sun, Vanity all is Vanity of Vanity under the Sun.





 Nnce up-on a time a-long as I went, I met with a proud Ar-cher, his
 bow was bent, *Blind Cu-pid* they call'd his Name, and he prov'd the ve-ry
 same, for the Maidens cry'd, Away, fie for shame, put up thy Bow and Arrows, thou'lt wounded my
 heart, for in the midst of my bo-dy there sticks the Dart.



 Can mend your Tubs or Payls, set on hoops, or set on bayls; or stop your Vessels that do
 leak, then come away Maids, and quickly speak what works for the *Cooper*, for the *Cooper*, the jolly joll'y *Cooper*.



O not say me No, for further yet I'll go, to try If I can know what

Love commands : Suppose that I go to Cer-be-rus below, or meet my foe at

Cal-lis Sands, I care not a Fart for Cu-pid with his Dart, though he hath got my

heart in-to his hands. O, do not, &c.



E that will an Ale-house keep, must have three things in store, A Chamber and a Feather-

bed a Chimny and a Hay nony nony, Hay nony nony, Hay nony no, Hay nony no, Hay nony no.

a. 3. Voc.

[56.]

Mr. William Lawes.



Round, a Round, a Round, Boys, a Round, let Mirth fly a-loft, and Sor-
:S:



row be drown'd: Old Sack, and Old Songs, and a mer-ry old Crew, can



charm a-way cares when the Ground looks blew.

a. 4. Voc.

:S:

Mr. William Lawes.



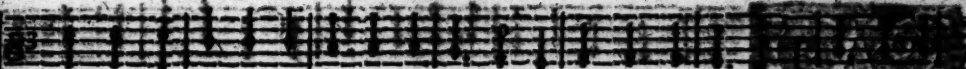
Come *Amalillis*, now let us be merry, sing *No li fi to li fi to li fi cherry*: Let *Phil-lis*



thy Sister, as brown as a berry, sing *No li fi to li fi to li fi cherry*.

Damon takes Joy in his Treasure,
And *Titerus* in piping & Dancing takes pleasure:
And no man can ever be heartily merry,
But *No li fi to li fi to li fi cherry*.

Ploughs would stand still, the world would soon perish:
For thee and my *Phillis* there's no man would cherish,
And Shepherds would of their Flocks quickly be weary,
But *No li fi to li fi to li fi cherry*.



Ad she not care enough, care enough, had she not care enough, care enough of the old



man? She wed him, she fed him, and to the Bed she led him; for sev'n long Winters she lifted him on:



But O how she negl'd him, negl'd him, negl'd him! O how she negl'd him all the night long!



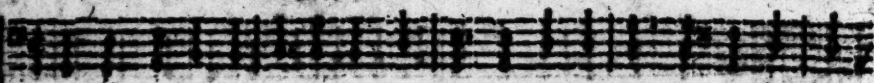
Fig for care, why should we spare? the Parish is bound to find us; for thou and I and



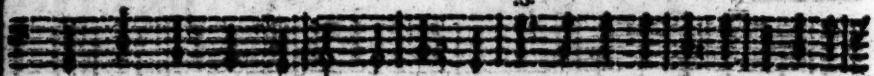
all must dye, and leave the World be-hind us: The Clerk shall sing, the Bells shall Ring, and the old



old Wives wind us: Sir John shall lay our bones in Clay, where no body means to find us.



ALL men admire sweet *Philomell*, sweet *Philomell*, who chaunts but in the Spring,



who chaunts, who chaunts but in the Spring, And who is he, is he, doth not desire



not desire to hear the Lark to sing, to hear, to hear the Lark to sing: But yet Sans Peur is Chanticleer, is



Chanticleer, whose Cock-a-doodle-doo, whose Cock-a-doodle-doo will make the Skye to ring.

Mr. Nelham.

58

Mr. Nelham



Uckow good Neighbour help us to hedge in the Cuckow, keep, keep, keep, O keep in the Cuckow.

Here endeth the Book of Rounde and Catches.

THE Musical Companion:

CONTAINING
DIALOGUES, GLEES, BALLADS & ATRES,
in several Varieties,

Some for $\left\{ \begin{array}{l} \text{Two} \\ \text{Three} \\ \text{Four} \end{array} \right\}$ VOICES.

THE SECOND PART.



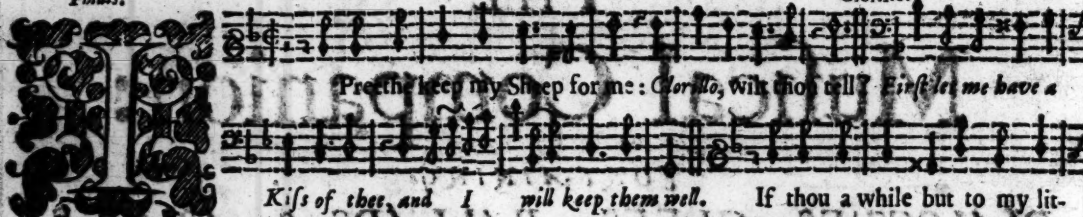
LONDON, Printed by W. G. for J. Playford, 1672.

Act 2. Voc. Phillis and Clorillo. A DIALOGUE. [60]

Mr. Linné.

Phillis.

Clorillo.



Præthee keep my Sheep for me: Clorillo, wilt thou sell? First let me have a

Kiss of thee, and I will keep them well. If thou a while but to my lit-

tle flock wilt look, thou shalt have this embroyder'd Skrip and Silver Hook. No other favour or reward I

Crave, but one poor kiss. A kiss thou must not have. And why? Such enticements maids must

fly: This Garland thou shalt have of Roses and of Lillies. No Skrip, nor Hook, nor Garland sweetest

Phillis, do I require, to kiss thy fresh and Rose lip is only my desire. Take then a kiss, and let me

go, till I return thy care upon my Rocks below.

The Chorus followeth.

Chorus Together. PHILLIS. [61] Mr. Lammare.



Sweet, sweet is that kiss that doth with true and just desire as much another give, as to it self require.

CLORILLO.



Sweet, sweet is that kiss that doth with true and just desire as much another give, as to it self require.

h. 2. Voc. Strephon and Phillis.

A DIALOGUE.

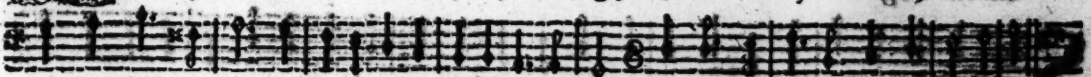
Mr. Lammare.

Phillis.

Strephon.



Shepherd, in faith I cannot stay, my wandering flocks call me away. Phillis, I swear since



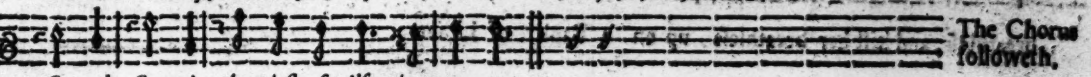
I have caught thee now, upon thy Rosie lips I'll pay my vow. *who lives in love may not by force constrain*



Where Imprecations false Oaths must obtain. I prethee Strephon leave me. Dear Phillis leave to con-



ternn me. Nay, thou I see, nay thou I see, I must my self defend. Vain is all defence and Art.



Cru-el, Cru-el, thou dost of life bereave me.

The Chorus
followeth.

Chorus Together.

PHILLIS.

[62]

Mr. Lanneare.

Since I have thee, e're I part I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy

lips a thousand such as this is. Thus Strephon bold laid down his level Phillis, and kist her breathless

and kist her breathless up-on a Bank of Lillies.

Chorus Together.

STREPHON.

Since I have thee, e're I part, I'll smother thee with kisses, printing on thy lips, printing on thy

lips a thousand thousand such as this is. Thus Strephon bold laid down his level Phillis, and kist her

breathless, and kist her breathless up-on a Bank of Lillies.

Strephon.

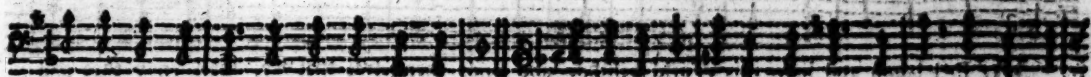
Daphne.



Come my Daphne, come a-way, we do wait the Christal Day 'Tis Strephon



calls: What would my Love? Come follow to the Miry Grove, where



Venus shall prepare new Chaplets for thy Hair. Were I shut up within a Tree, I'd send my Barks to



follow thee. My Shepherdess make haste, the Minutes slide too fast. In these cooler shades wilt thou



blind as Cupid kifs shine eyes. In thy Bosome then I'll stray: In such warm Snow who



would not loose his way.

Chorus Followeth.

2020

Mr. William Lawes.

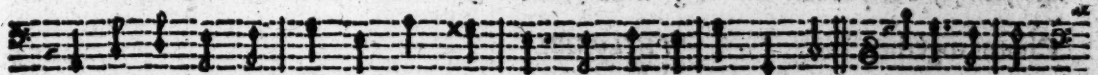
10-10-54



A sound I hear, but nothing yet I see: Speak where thou art. O Charon pi-ty me: I am a



Shade, and though no Name I tell, my mournful voice will say I'm Philomel. What's that to me?



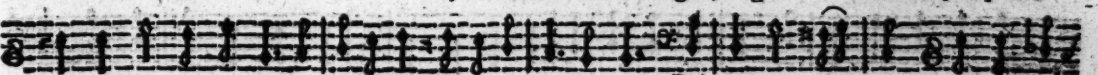
I waite not Fish nor Fowl, nor Beasts, (Fond thing!) but only Humane Souls. A-las! for me!



Shame on thy warbling Note, that made me hoise my sail, and bring my boat! But I'll return: What



mischief brought thee hither? A deal of love, and much much grief together. What's thy request?



That since she's now beneath that sad my life, I follow her in death. And's that all? I'm gone. For love, I



pray thee. Talk not of love: All pray, but no souls pay me. I'll give thee sighs and tears. Can



tears pay Scores for patching Sails, or mending Boat or Oars? I'll beg a penny, or I'll sing so long, till



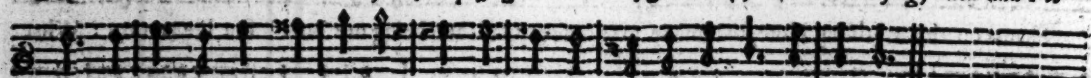
thou shalt say I've paid thee in a Song. Why, then begin.

Chorus together.

PHILOMEL.



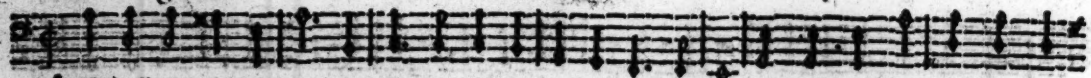
AND all the while we make our slothful passage o're the Strygian Lake, Thou and I'll sing, Thou and I'll



sing, to make these dull Shades merry; who else with tears will doubtless drown our Ferry.

Chorus together.

CHARON.



AND all the while we make our slothful passage o're the Strygian Lake, Thou and I'll sing, Thou and I'll

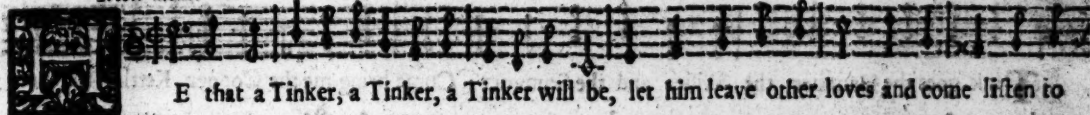


sing, to make these dull shades merry; who else with tears will doubtless drown our Ferry.

a. 2. *Fac.* A Glee. The Merry Tinker. [67]

Dr. John Wilson.

Treble alone.



E that a Tinker, a Tinker, a Tinker will be, let him leave other loves and come listen to



me; Though he travail all the day, he comes home late at night, and dallies, and dallies with his

Bassus alone.



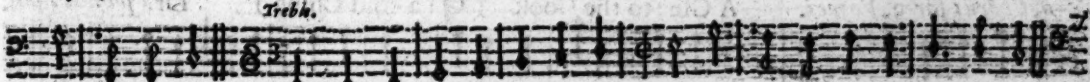
Doxey, and dreams of delight.

His Pot and his Toast in the morning he takes, and all the day long good



Musick he makes: He wanders the World to Wakes and to Fairs, and casts his Cap, and casts his

Treble.



Court and her Cares. When to the Town the Tinker doth come, O how the wanton Wenches run!

Bassus.



The Chorus followeth.

Some bring him Bassons, some bring him Bells; all Wenches pray him to stop up their Holes.



Tink goes the Hammer, the Skillet and the Scummer: Come bring me the Copper Kettle, for the



Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker, O he is the man of mettle!



Tink goes the Hammer the Skillet and the Scummer: Come bring me the Copper Kettle, for the



Tinker, the Tinker, the merry merry Tinker, O he is the man of mettle! O he is the man of mettle!

a. Chorus for 3. Voices.

A Glee to the Cook (On a cold Chime)

Dr. John Wilson.



How shall we sing, how shall we sing, how shall we look in honour in honour of the Master Cook?

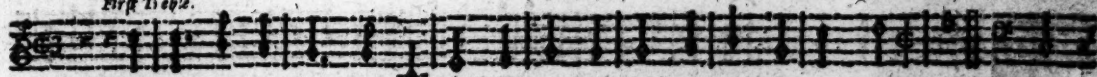


How shall we sing, how shall we sing, how shall we look in honour in honour of the Master Cook?



How shall we sing, how shall we sing, how shall we look in honour in honour of the Master Cook?

First Treble.



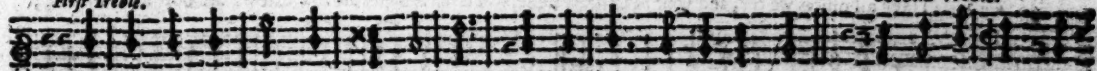
BRing out the Cold Chine the Cold Chine for me, and how I'll charge him come and see *Bran*
Bassus.



Chorus
again.

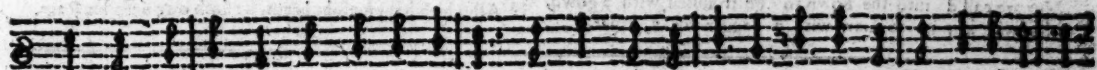
rasked Bran well Sows'd and Fine, with a precious Cup of Muscadine.

First Treble.



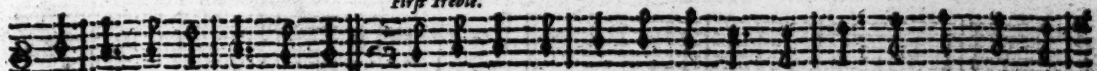
Second Treble.

The Pig shall turn round, and answer me, Canst thou spare me a shoulder? *A-ny A-ny:* The



Duck, Goose and Capon, good fellows all three shall dance thee an Antick, so shall the Turkey: But oh the

First Treble.



cold Chine, the cold Chine for me. With Brewis I'll noint thee from head to th' heel, shall make thee run

Bassus.



nimbler than the new oyled Wheel.

Wish Pyecrust we'll make thee the Eight Wiseman to be: But

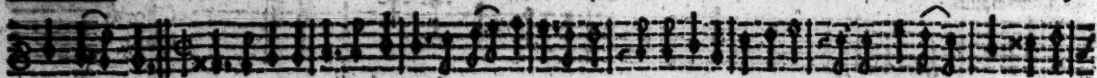


The Chorus of three
again, and conclude.

Oh the Cold Chine, the Cold Chine, but Oh the Cold Chine for me.



All your Caps and Cares away, (this is the Beggers Holy-day. At the Crowning of our King thus we a-ver
In the world look out and see, where is so happy a King as he Where's that Nation lives so free, and so merry



dance and sing. Be it peace or be it war here at liberty we are, and enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are not prest,
as do we? Hang all offices we cry, and your Magistrate despise, when the subsidies are encroast we are not a penny least;



Nor are call'd into the Town to be troubled with a gown.
Nor will any go to Law with a Begger for a straw.

All which happiness he brags, he doth owe unto his Rags.

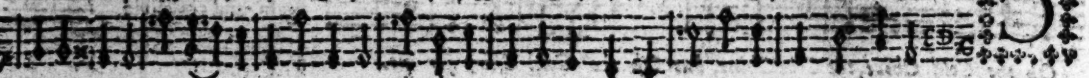
Nor are call'd into the Town to be troubled with a gown.
Nor will any go to Law with a Begger for a straw.
All which happiness he brags he doth owe unto his Rags.



dance and sing. Be it peace or be it war, here at liberty we are; and enjoy our ease and rest, to the field we are not prest,
as do we? Hang all offices we cry, and your Magistrate despise, when the subsidies are encroast we are not a penny least;



All your Caps and Cares away, this is the Beggers Holy-day. At the Crowning of our King thus we a-ver
In the world look out and see, where is so happy a King as he. Where's that Nation lives so free and so merry



Dr. John Wilson.

Bass.

The Beggers Song.

4. 2. Voc.



O Maids, Fair Maids, Fine Maids, Sweet Wenches, come away, away, come away.



But bring me the Kettle, the Trug and the Tray, for here comes the Tinker with his tools, his trade was



never taught in Schools, as you may see the Cocker mends not more not more than he.

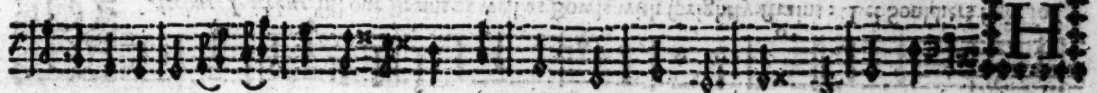
Trade was never taught in schools, no not his art as you may see, the Cocker mends not more, not more than he.



longer stay, but bring me the kettle, the trug and the tray, for here comes the Tinker with his tools, his



O maids, fair maids, fine maids, sweet wenches, come away, come away, let me here no



Dr. John Wilson.

The Tinker.

Bassus.

u. 2. Voc.

a. 2. Voc.

A Glee.

Canus.

[72]

Mr. Henry Lawes.

B *Accus, I-accus*, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers fight for
 pay or praise, and mony be the Misers with, poor Schollars stu-dy all their dayes and Gluttons glo-ry
 in their dish: 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls, therefore give us the cheer in Bowls.

B *Accus, I-accus*, fill our Brains as well as Bowls with sprightly strains: Let Souldiers fight for
 pay or praise, and mony be the Misers with, poor Schollars study all their dayes, and Gluttons glory
 in their dish. 'Tis wine, pure wine, revives sad souls, therefore give us the cheer in Bowls.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

Bassus.

A Glee.

a. 2. Voc.

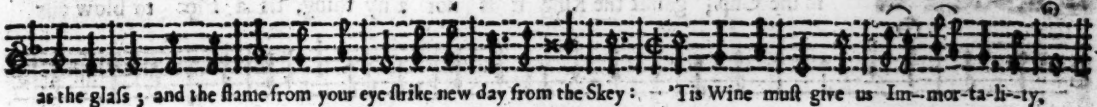
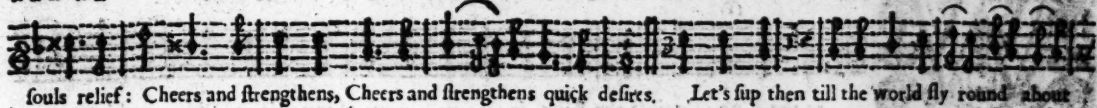
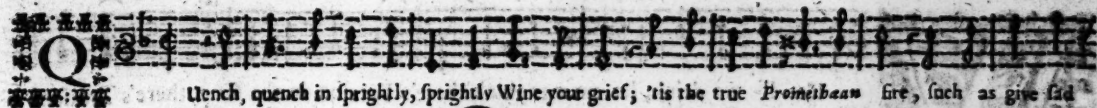
a. 2. Voc.

A Glee.

Cantus.

[73]

John Playford.



No matter though through Fields of Blood
The Souldier 'gainst his foe do swim:
If when he hath pass that flood
His Cup doth flow up to the brim.
Let's sup then our, &c.



John Playford.

Bass.

a. 2. Voc.

2. 2. Voc.

A Glee.

Cantus.

[74]

Mr. Tho. Tempest.



Har If we drink, let no man think there's Treason in the Cup, there's Treason

in the Cup, 'gainst the King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our

Sorrows up; 'gainst the King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our Sorrows up. Ne're

charge pure Wine with such design, 'tis too Noble, fill the Glafs; let's be free without fear, Loyaltie

li-veth here, in *Vi-no Ve-ri-tas*: Let's be free with-out fear, Loy-al-tie li-veth here, in

Vi-no Ve-ri-tas,

A. 2. Voc.

A Glee.

Bass.

Mr. Thomas Tempel.

2
1

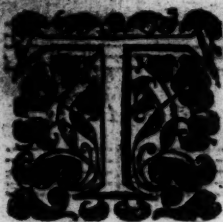
Ha! if we drink let, no man think there's Treason in the Cup;

'gainst the King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our Sorrows up; 'gainst the

King it is not a-ny thing, 'tis a Plot to blow our Sorrows up. Ne're charge pure Wine with

such design, 'tis too Noble, All the Glas; let's be free without fear, Loy-al-tie li-ve! here, in

Finis Ve-ri-tas. Let's be free without fear, Loy-al-tie li-ve! here, in *Finis Ve-ri-tas.*



Is Wine that inspires, and quenches Love's fires; Teaches Fools how to

rule a State: Maids ne're did approve it, cause those that do love it despise

and laugh at their hate. The Drinkers of Beer did ne're yet appear in matters of a ny weight:

'Tis he whose design is quickn'd by Wine that raises things to their height. We then should it

prize, for never black eyes made wounds which this could not heal: Who then doth refuse to

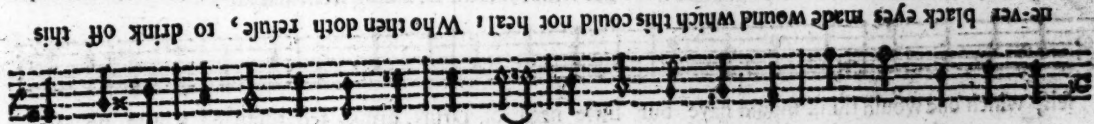
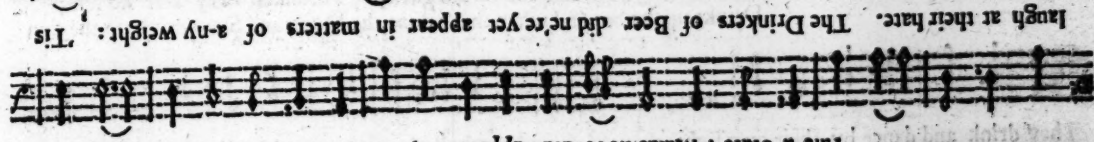
drink of this Juyce, is a foe to the Common-weal.

Mr. Henry Lamb.

Bass.

A. Olce.

A. 2. Voc.



HE thirsty Earth drinks up the rain, and drinks and gapes for drink again : The Sea it
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are with constant Drinking fresh and fair.

self, which one would think should have but little need of Drink, drinks ten thousand Rivers up, to

fill'd that they o'reflow the Cup. The busie Sun, and one would guess, by's drunken fiery face no less,
Drinks up the Sea and when that's done, the Moon and Stars drink up the Sun

They drink and dance by their own light, they drink and revel all the night, nothing in nature's sober

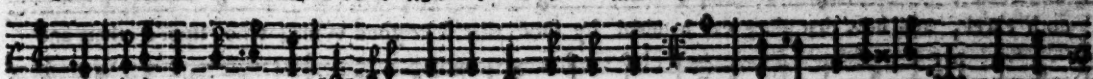
found, But an eternal health goes round. Fill up the Bowl and fill it high, fill all the Glasses here, for

why should ev'ry Creature drink but I? Why Man of Mortals tell me why?

Why should every Creature drink but I? Why man or Mortals tell me why?



Sound, but an eternal health goes round. Fill up the Bowl and fill it high, fill all the Glasses here, for



I they drink and dance by their own light, they drink and revel all the night; nothing in Nature's sober



all'd that they get from the Cup. The bulle Sun, and one would guess by a drunken fiery face no less;
Drinks up the Sea, and when that's done, the Moon and Stars drink up the Sun:



Self, which one would think should have but little need of Drink, drinks ten thousand Rivers up to




It is thirty Earth drinks up the rain, and drinks and gapes for drink again: The Sea, it
The Plants suck in the Earth, and are with constant drinking fresh and fair.




Cap. Syl. Taylor.

Bosch.

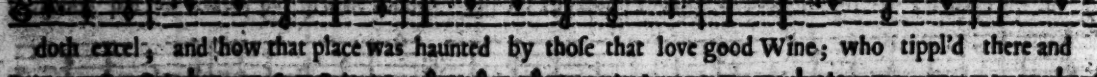
(Anacron Ode.)



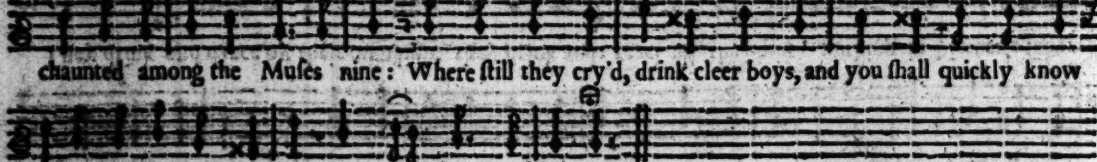
On merry Poets old boys of *Aginippus* well, full many tales have told boys, whose Liquor



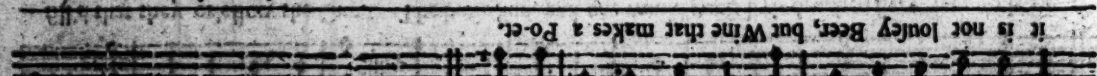
doth excel; and how that place was haunted by those that love good Wine; who tippl'd there and




chaunted among the Muses nine: Where still they cry'd, drink cleer boys, and you shall quickly know




it is not lousy Beer, but Wine that makes a Po-et.



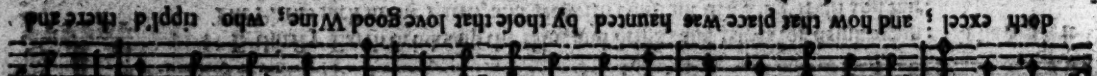
it is not lousy Beer, but Wine that makes a Po-et.



chaunted among the Muses nine: Where still they cry'd, drink cleer boys, and you shall quickly know



doth excel; and how that place was haunted by those that love good Wine; who tippl'd there and



On merry Poets old boys of *Aginippus* well, full many tales have told boys, whose Liquor

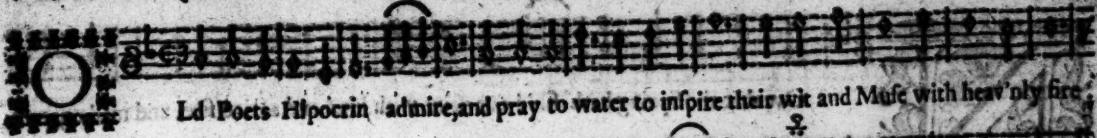


3. Voc.

(A Glee on a Pint of Sack)

Cantus [81]

Mr. Henry Lamer.




Ld Poets Hippocrin admire, and pray to water to inspire their wit and Muse with heav'nly fire,

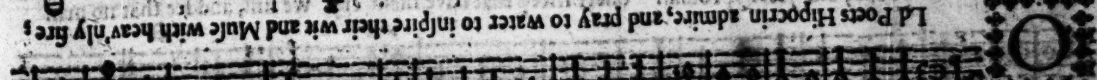
had they this heavenly fountain seen, Sack both their well and Muse had been and this pint-pot their Hippocrin

Had they truly discover'd it
They had like me thought it unfit
To pray to water for their wit:
And had ador'd Sack as Divine,
And made a Poet god of Wine,
And this pintpot had been a shrine.

Sack unto them had been in stead
Of Nectar, and their heav'nly bread,
And ev'ry boy a Ganimed:
Or had they made a god of it,
Or stil'd it Patron of their wit,
This pot had been a temple fit.

Well then companions, 'tis not fit
Since to this Jemine we owe our wit,
That we should praise the Cabinet,
And drink a health to this divine,
And hounteous pallace of our Wine;
Die he with thine that doth repine.

Had they this heavenly fountain seen, Sack both their well and Muse had been, and this pint-pot their Hippocrin.

Ld Poets Hippocrin, admire, and pray to water to inspire their wit and Muse with heav'nly fire;



Mr. Henry Lamer.

Buff.

(A Glee on a Pint of Sack.)

2. Voc.

M

No. 2. For.

A Glee.

Gentius.

[32]

Mr. William Limes.



Ow that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and made green

Liv'ries for the Plains, and ev'ry Grove's Q'ire: Sing we a song with merry glee and

See-ehs fill the bowl; Then here's to thee, And e've-ry thirsty soul. Nor e-ver shall do mine:

I have no Cradle rocking yet, No wife at home to send for me: No sure at Law to pay a Fee, Then

round a round a round, old See-ly, round. Sheer sheep that have them cry we still, and see that no man

scape: To take off his Sher-ry that makes us so mer-ry, and plump as the lusty Grape.

Mr. William Lawes.

Bassus.

2 W

A. B. V. C.

Ow that the Spring hath fill'd our veins with kind and active fire, and made green
Liv'ries for the Plains and every Grove a Quire: Sing we along of merry Glee, and

And thou to me, and every thirsty soul. Not care nor sorrow we're paid

Not I by this good Wine: No hogs are in my ground. I then round a round a

round, old Jolly, round. Shoot sheep that have them cry we fill and see that no man scape: To

take off his shot: if that make us to meet cry, and pump as the lusty Grape.

a. 2. Voc.

A Glee.

Cantus.

[84]

John Playford



I-9-ga-ops was mer-ry in his Tub: And so let us be at our Club: For 'tis



Mirth that fills our Veins with blood, and more than Wing, or Sleep, or Food. Let



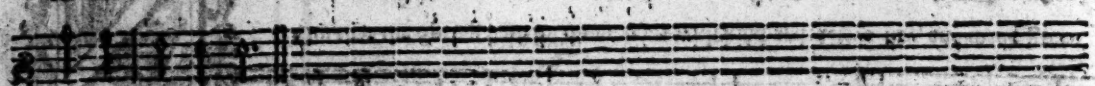
each man keep his heart at ease, no man e're dy'd of that disease. For 'tis sadness and grief that do bring



all Di-sea-ses at the *Aut-umn* and the *Spring*: Then he that will keep his Bo-dy in Health,

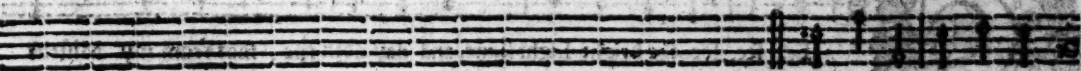


let him va-lue Mirth more than his Wealth. Now welcome harmless mirth to day, the more we

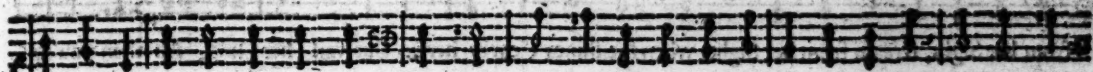


laugh the more we may.

we laugh the more we may.



Heal thy let him va-let Mirth mote than his Wealth. Now welcome harlots mirth to day, the more

that do bring all Di-ces at the *Arms* and the *Spring*: Then he that will keep his Bo- dy in

Good. Let each man keep his heart at ease, no man e're dy'd of that disease: For tis sadnets and grief



For tis Mirth that fills our Veins with Blood; and more than Wine, or Sleep or

A *Re-ner* was merry in his Tub: And so let us be at our Club:

A. 2. Voc.

Bassus.

John Playford.



Ec, fee, fee the bright Light shine, and day doth rise, shot from my Mistress

Eyes, like Beams di-vine her Glo-ry doth appear, and view the po-er light, stream

from her Sight, stream from her Sight, when she shines clearly here: But veil her lids; Ah then you'll

find how night is hurld about the silent world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, for ought we

is only she makes night and day to move: Then shine fair Ce-lia left our borrow'd light when your

Sun sets, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets, pe-rish, pe-rish, perish in shades of Night.

6. 2. Voc.

Bass.

Mr. Jenkins.

Ec, see the bright, bright Light shine, and day doth rise; Shot from my Mother's Eyes,

like Beams di-vine her glo-ry doth ap-pear; and view the pure Light rising from her

Light, whilst the things clear-ly here: But yall her hide; Ah then you'll find how Night is hur'd a-

boot the li-est world, and we left blind; that darkness seems to prove, for ought we see, its on-ly

She smokes Night and Day to move. Then Shine fair Ca-til, left our borrow'd Light, when your

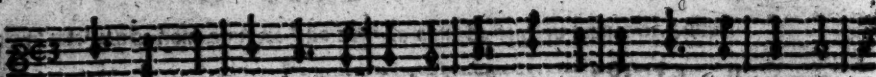
Shin fast, when your Sun sets, when your Sun sets; pe-rill, pe-rill, in shades of Night,

(The Gigue Song)

[48]

[88]

Mr. Jenkins.



Rom the famous Peak of *Dar-by*, and the De-vils Arse that's hardby;



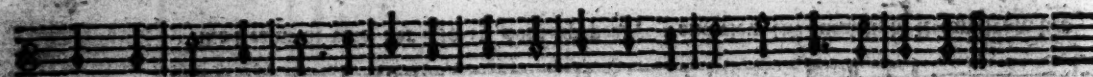
where we year-ly make our musters, There the *Gipsies* throng in clusters.



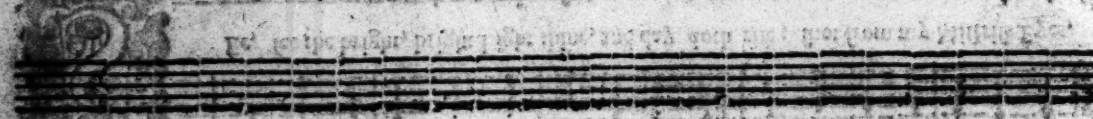
Be not frighted with our fa-shion, though we seem a tatter'd Nation: We account our Rags our



Riches, so our tricks exceed our stitches: Give us Bacon, Rinds of Walnuts, Shells of Cockles and of



Small Nuts: Ribonds, Bells, and Saffron Linnin, And all the World is ours to win in.



Rob. Johnson.

Bass.

(The Gipsies Song.)

A. J. Voc.

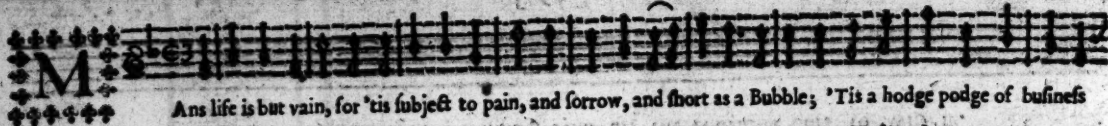
From the famous Peak of *Dar-by*, and the De-vils Ar-tic-hat's hard-by;

where we year-ly make our mutters; There the *Gipsies* throng in clus-ters.

Be not frigh-ted with our *La-shion*, though we seem a rat-ter'd Na-tion: We ac-count our Raggs our

Riches, so our tricks ex-ced our *Riches*: Give us Bacon, Rinds of Wal-nuts, Shells of Cockles and of

Small Nuts: Ribbons, Bells, and Saffron Lin-in; And all the World is ours to 'win in.



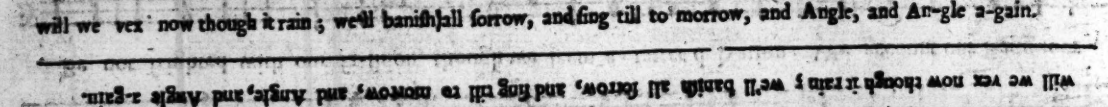
Ans life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow, and short as a Bubble; 'Tis a hodge podge of business



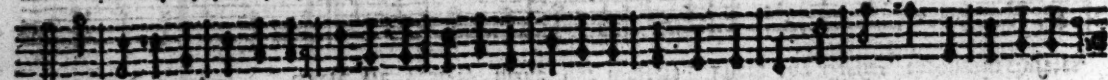
and mo-ny and care, and care, and mo-ny and trouble. But we'll take no care, when the weather proves fair, nor



will we vex now though it rain; we'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow, and Angle, and Angle a-gain.



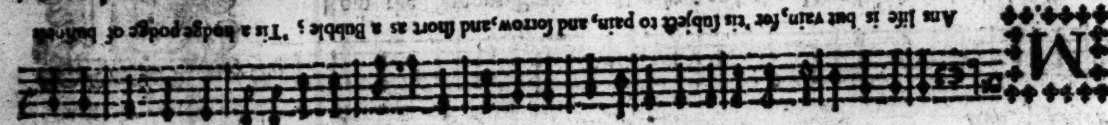
will we vex now though it rain; we'll banish all sorrow, and sing till to-morrow, and Angle, and Angle a-gain.



and mo-ny, and care, and care, and mo-ny and trouble. But we'll take no care, when the weather proves fair, nor



Ans life is but vain, for 'tis subject to pain, and sorrow, and short as a Bubble; 'Tis a hodge podge of business



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Bass.

The Anglers Song.

A. 2. Vol.

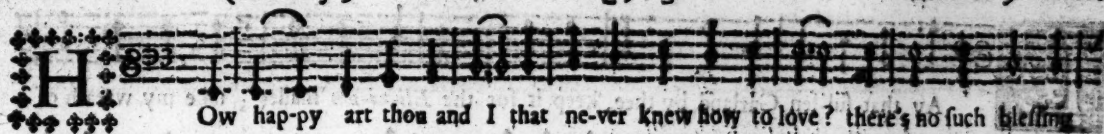
a. 2. Voc.

(Liberty)

Cantus.

[91]

Mr. Henry Lawes.



here be-neath, what e're there is above, 'tis liberty, 'tis li-ber-ty that e-ve-ry wise man loves.

Out, out upon those Eyes that think to murder me:

And he's an Ass that believes her fair, that is not kind and free:

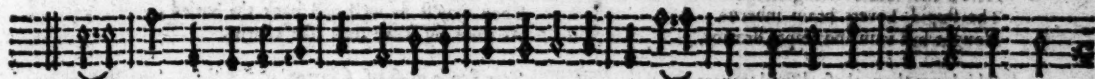
There's nothing sweet, there's nothing sweet to man but Liberty,

I'll tye my Heart to none, nor yet confine mine eyes;

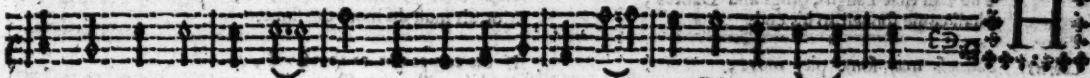
But I will play my game so well, I'll never want a prize:

'Tis liberty, 'tis liberty, has made me now thus wise.

here beneath, what ere there is above, 'tis liberty, 'tis li-ber-ty that e-ve-ry wise man loves.



Ow hap-py art thou and I, that ne-ver knew how to love? there's no such blessing



Mr. Henry Lawes.

Bass.

(Liberty.)

a. 2. Voc.



Ay that ful-len Garland by thee, keep it for the *Eli-z-a-beth* shades; take my wreath of
 luffy Ivy, not of that fond Mirtle made: When I see thy soul descending to that cold unfertile plain
 of Sad Fools, the Lake at-tend-ing, thou shalt wear this crown a-gain. Now drink Wine, and
 know the odds 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe*, 'twixt that *Lethe* and the gods.

Rouse thy dull and drowie spirits,
 Here's the soul reviving streams:
 The stupid Lovers brain inherits
 Nought but vain and empty dreams.

Think not thou these dismal trances,
 Which our vapours can content;
 The Lad that Laughs, Sings and Dances,
 Shall come to meet to his end.

Chorus. Sadness may some pay move;
 Mirth and Courage, Mirth and Courage,
 Mirth and Courage conquers Love.

By then on that cloudy Fore-head,
 Ope thou vainly crossed arms;
 Thou may'st as well call back the buried,
 As raise by Love such like charms.

Sacrifice a glass of Claret
 To each letter of her Name;
 Gods have oft descended for it,
 Mortals must do more the same.

If she comes not at that flood,
 Sleep will come, Sleep will come,
 Sleep will come and that's as good.



Ay that ful-ten Gar-land by thee, keep it for th' E-li-zium shades;

Take a wreath of lu-fly I-vy, nor of that fond Mirtle made: When I

see thy soul de-scend-ing to that cold un-fur-nish'd plain of sad Fools, the Lake at-tend-ing, thou shalt

wear this Crown a-gain. Now drink Wine, and know the odds twixt that *Leibe*, twixt that

Leibe, twixt that *Leibe*, *Leibe*, and the gods.

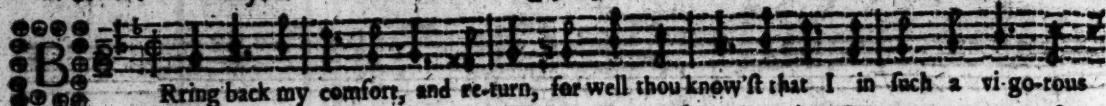
a. 2. Voc.

Ayre.

Cantus.

[94]

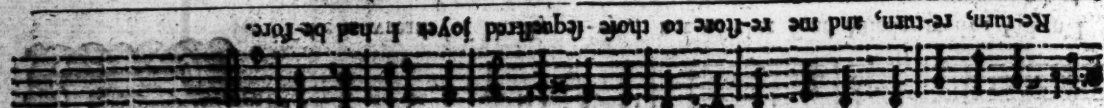
Mr. Edmund Coleman.



Bring back my comfort, and re-turn, for well thou know'st that I in such a vi-gorous
 passion burn, that missing thee I dye: Re-turn, re-turn, in-sult no more; re-turn, re-
 turn, and me re-store to those sequestred joyes I had be-fore.

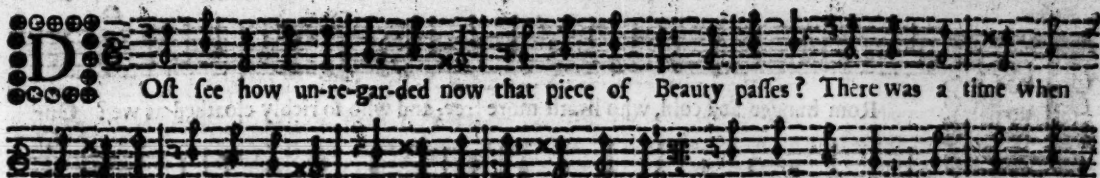
Absence in most, that quenches Love,
 And cools their warm desires,
 The Ardor of my heart improves,
 And makes the flame aspire.
 The maxim therefore I deny,
 And term it though a Tyranny;
 The Nursh to Faith, to Love, to Constancy.

Re-turn, re-turn, and me re-store to those sequestred joyes I had be-fore.

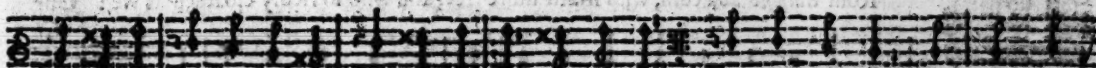


such a vi-gorous passion burn, that missing thee I dye: Re-turn, re-turn, in-sult no more;
 Ring back my com-fort, and re-turn; for well thou know'st thou know'st that I in

Mr. Edmund Coleman. Basses. Ayre. a. 2. Voc.



Oft see how un-re-gar-ded now that piece of Beauty passes? There was a time when



I did vow to that a-lone, but mark the fate of Faces: That Red and White works now no



more on me, than if it could not charm, or I not see.

And yet the Face continues good,
and I have still desires:

'Am still the self-same Flesh and blood,
as apt to melt; and suffer for those fires:
Oh some kind power unriddle where it lies,
Whether my heart be faulty or her Eyes.

She every day her man doth kill,
and I as often dye:

Neither her Power then, nor my Will
Can question'd be, what is the Mystery?
Sure Beauties Empires, like to greater States,
Have certain Periods set, and hidden Fates.

more on me, than if it could not charm, or I not see.



I did vow to that a-lone, but mark the fate of Faces: That Red and White works now no



Mr. Goodgroome.

Bass.

Ayre.

A. 2. Voc.

a. 2. Voc.

A Glee. The Jovial Begger. Cantus.

[96]

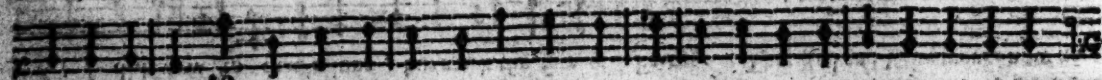
J. G.



Rom hunger and cold, who liveth more free, and who so richly cloathed as we? Our

Bellyes are full, and our Flesh it is warm; and against pride our Rags is a charm:

Enough is a Feast, to morrow let Rich-men take care; we feel no for-row.

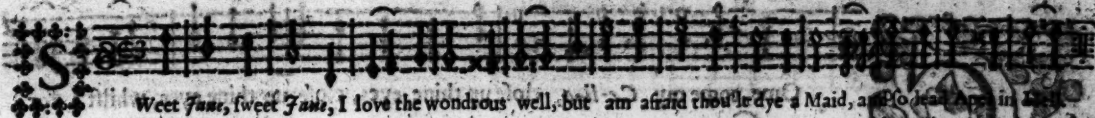


J. G.

Bass.

A Glee. The Jovial Begger.

a. 2. Voc.



Weet *June*, sweet *June*, I love the wondrous well, but am afraid thou'lt dye a Maid, and Poore *Apes* in Hell
For why, my Dear, 'tis pity it should be so: Thou'dst better then to take a man, and keep thee from the foe



Thou art so pretty and fine, and wondrous handfom too; Then be not coy, let's get a boy, alas what should we do
I see thy brow and I know what colour it is below; Then do not jest, but smile the rest, y faith I know what I know



I see thy brow and I know what colour it is below; Then do not jest, but smile the rest, y faith I know what I know
Thou art so pretty and fine, and wondrous handfom too; Then be not coy, let's get a boy, alas what should we do



For why, my Dear, 'tis pity it should be so; Thou'dst better then to take a man, and keep thee from the foe



Weet *June*, sweet *June*, I love the wondrous well, but am afraid thou'lt dye a Maid, and Poore *Apes* in Hell

Mr. J. Banister.

Bassus.

A Ballad.

A. J. Vol.



Come, come my Ca-lia, close up thine eyes, close up thine eyes, whilst I for

thee do off-er Sa-tri-fice: Come twine thine arms about my neck, whilst I

give up, give up the ghost, and so des-pair-ing, des-pair-ing dye, and so des-pair-ing dye. And

though in life thou wouldst not yield to me, yet at my death let pi-ty flow from thee; yet at my

death let pi-ty flow from thee. And though in life thou wouldst not yield to me, yet at my

death, my death let pi-ty flow from thee.

yet at my death, my death, let pity flow from thee.



yet at my death, let pity flow from thee. And though in life thou wouldst not yield to me,



though in life thou wouldst not yield to me, yet at my death let pity flow from thee, yet at my death,



neck, whilst I live up, give up the ghost, and to departing, departing dye, and to departing dye. And



I for thee do of-fet Sa-crifice: Come twine thine arms about my neck, my



Oh, come my Ca-ll-a, close up thine eyes, close up thine eyes, whilst I whilst



John Playford.

B. 1775.

2

A. 2. Vol.



Of thou Emblem of my heart, tell my Mistress whose thou art ; If with love
she do re---ceive thee, hap-py then, hap-py then, hap-py then thou
art to leave me. But if she do chance to frown, let her only spoil that Crown : and all
wounded home re-torn thee, where no o-ther flame shall burn thee ; For em-pal-ed in my
breast, though thou break my peaceful rest ; Yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more shall fire thee
hence ; Yet I vow in thy defence, Love no more, no more shall fire thee hence.

a. 2. Voc.

Bass.

Mr. Henry Larcet.

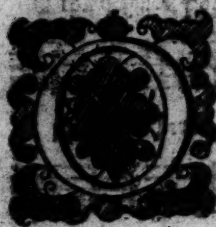


O thou Emblem of my heart, tell my mistrets-whole thou art: If with
Love she do receive thee, happy then, happy then, happy then thou art to leave

me. But if she do chance to frown, let her onely sport that Crown; and all wounded homete return thee, where no other flame shall burn thee: For empaled in my breast, though thou

break my peaceful rest? Yet I vow, in thy defence, Love no more shall fire the hence: Yet I vow in

thy defence, Love no more, no more shall fire the hence.



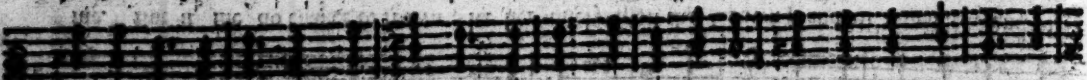
The fickle state of Lovers; a heart perplext with hopes and fears, to day a



world of joy discovers, And to morrow's drown'd in tears: A Lovers state's like



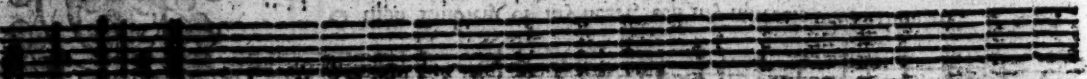
April, like *April* weather: Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine both together.



If his Mistress do but smile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his heart, If her brow but frown a



while, Hell can find no greater smart: In a Lovers breast doth dwell ve-ry Heav'n, ve-ry Heav'n or



ve-ry Hell.

Hell, we-ry Heav'n or ve-ry Hell,

drown a while, Hell can lend no greater sinart: In a Lovers breast both dwell we-ry Heav'n or ve-ry

both together. If his Mistress do but smile, a Heav'n of Joy is in his Heart: If her brow shut

A Lovers face's like April Weather, Rain and Sun-shine, Rain and Sun-shine

world of Joy discovers, and to morrow, and to morrow drown'd in tears:

The fickle face of Lovers! a heart perplex with hopes and fears, to day a



8. 2. 100.

Bass.

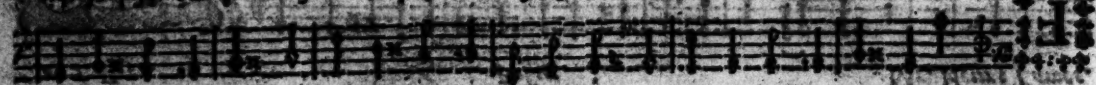
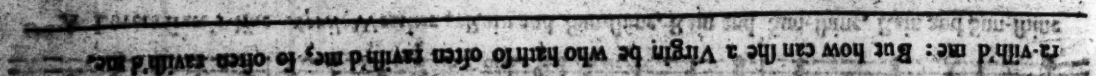
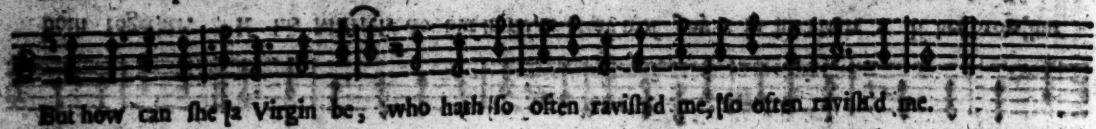
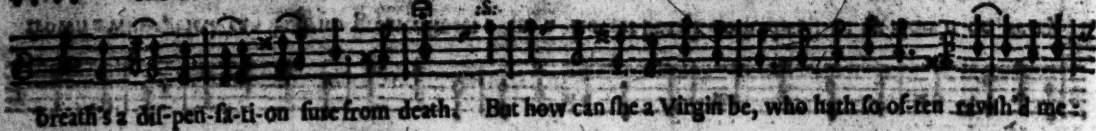
Mr. Henry Lawes.

A. 2. Voc.

Cantus.

[164]

Mr. George Holmes.



Mr. George Holmes.

Bass.

A. 2. Voc.



Ow is the Month of Maying, when mer-ry Lads are play-ing, Fa la la la

la la la la la la la la la la la la Each with his bonny Lads upon the

greeny Grats, Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

and B. D. in a King, T. D. in a King, and B. D. in a King

Grats; Fa la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la la

Each with his bon-ny Lads up-on the greeny

Ow is the Month of Maying, when mer-ry Lads are play-ing, Fa la la la



Mr. Morley.

Bass.

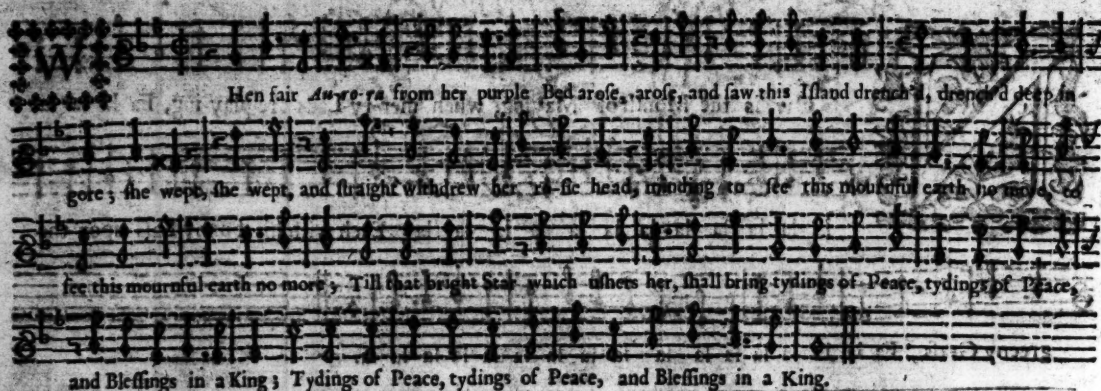
p

a. 2. Voc.

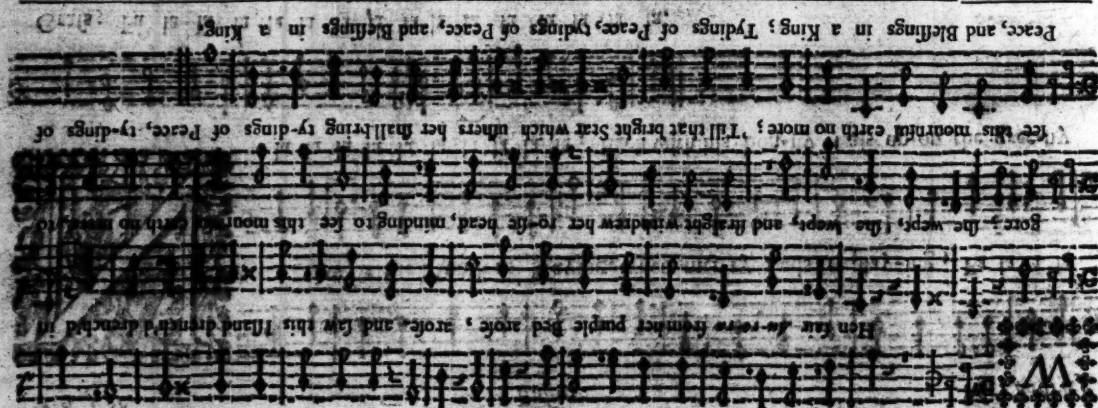
169. C. 2.

169.

169.



Then fair *Au-ra* from her purple Bed arose, arose, and saw this Island drench'd, drench'd deep in
 gore; she wept, she wept, and straight withdrew her royal head, minding to see this mournful earth no more;
 see this mournful earth no more; Till that bright Star which ushers her, shall bring tydings of Peace, tydings of Peace,
 and Blessings in a King; Tydings of Peace, tydings of Peace, and Blessings in a King.



Then fair *Au-ra* from her purple Bed arose, arose, and saw this Island drench'd, drench'd deep in
 gore; she wept, she wept, and straight withdrew her royal head, minding to see this mournful earth no more;
 see this mournful earth no more; Till that bright Star which ushers her shall bring tydings of Peace, tydings of
 Peace, and Blessings in a King; Tydings of Peace, tydings of Peace, and Blessings in a King.

B

Rightest, since your pi-ty-ing Eye saves whom it once condemn'd to dye; whom
lingring Time did long dis-may, you have reliev'd in this short day: Pro-pi-tious gods them-
selves can do no more, flow to Destroy, but a--ctive to re-store.

From your Fair, but absent Look,
Cold Death her Pale Artillery took,
Till Gentle Love that Dart suppress,
And Lodg'd a Milder in your brest;
Like Fam'd *Achillis* my sick spear, thus you
Both scatter Wounds, and scatter Balsome too.

do no more; flow to Destroy, but active to re-store.

Time did long dis-may, you have re-liev'd in this short day: Pro-pi-tious gods themselves can

Rightest, since your pitying Eye saves whom it once condemn'd to dye, whom lingring

Mr. J. Goodgrame.

Bassus.

2 P

A. 2. Voc.



Et the Lute speak, and let each voyce a wake; let all in stately rap-tures joyn

t' inspire our Quire with notes Divine. That our voyces con-ten-ding, ascending, may teach the Sphears a

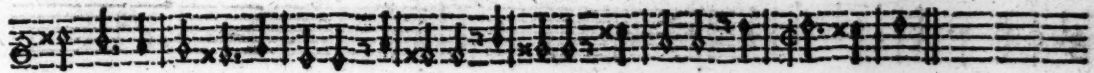
bet-ter found then theirs; may teach the Sphears, may teach the Sphears a bet-ter found then theirs.

better found then theirs; may teach the Sphears, may teach the Sphears a bet-ter found then theirs.

t' inspire our Quire with notes Divine. That our voyces con-ten-ding, ascending, may teach the Sphears a

Et the Lute speak, and let each voyce a wake; let all in stately rap-tures joyn



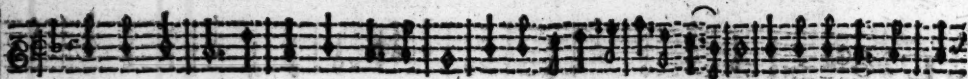


gi-te Fu--gi--te em-pio fu--gi--te fu--gi--te fu--gi--te fu--gi--te quest'em--pi-o.



Bassus.

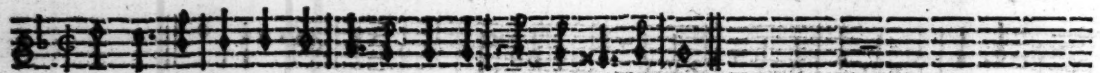
a. 2. Voc.



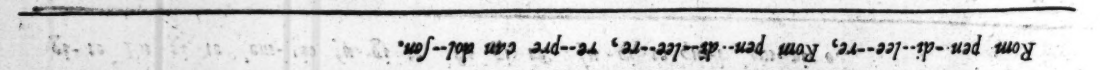
E pre-ca-van las com-pa-ni-li-as en les ec-cle-si-a de li-on, en les ec-cle-si-a



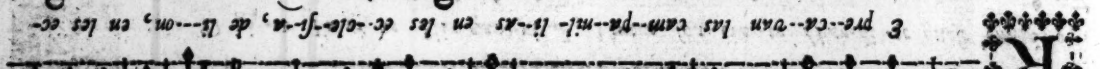
de li-on. Il-las damas Sal-tan-do ba-li-an-do. Rom pen-di-lee-re, re-pre can dol-son



Rom pen-di-lee-re, Rom pen-di-lee-re, Re-pre can dol-son.



cle-si-a de li-on. Il-las damas Sal-tan-do ba-li-an-do, Rom pen-di-lee-re, re-pre can dol-son,



E pre-ca-van las com-pa-ni-li-as en les ec-cle-si-a, de li-on, en les ec-



Bassus.

a. 2. Voc.



On bel se gella de se cret-ezza lo ro-ca se prende dal bella bel-la la lingua se firma de
 ti ber-di-ti de po-ni-ta Re-fo. La donna que bel-la che piache que ta-ce e Jo-ve vel
 co-re sen-sa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re sen-sa crezza da mo-re.

co-re sen-sa crezza da mo-re che piache che ta-ce e Jo-ve del co-re sen-sa crezza da mo-re.

ti ber-di-ti e de po-ni-ta Re-fo. La donna que bel-la che piache que ta-ce e Jo-ve del

On bel se gella de se cret-ezza lo ro-ca se prende dal bella bel-la la lingua se firma de



I-o mo-ro chi di-ra chi di-ra la crudel ne mi-ca me a chil mi-o mal. tanta de-

fi-a chil mio mal tan-to de-fi-a. Pan-gi-ra sio mo-ro fi fi fi fi fi a me-le spe-ra col

sem-po che fa che fa si mo-ves u-na vol-ta pie-ta.

spe-ra col sem-po che fa si mo-ves u-na vol-ta pie-ta.

fi-a chil mio mal tan-to de-fi-a. Pan-gi-ra sio mo-ro fi fi fi fi fi a me-le

I-o me-ro chi di-ra chi di-ra la crudel ne mi-ca me-a chil mio mal tan-to de-



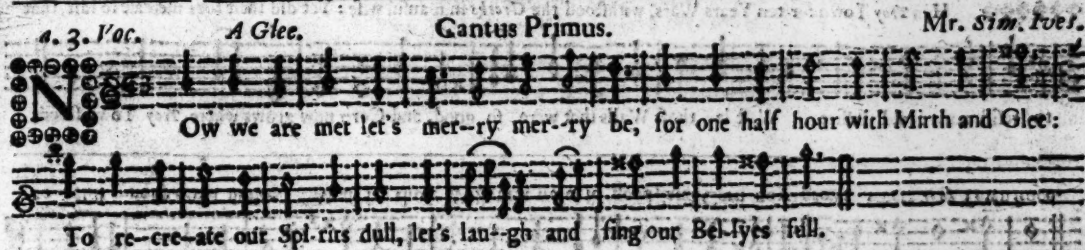
Bassus.

A. 2. Voc.

Here endeth the *Dialogues* and *Songs* for two Voyces.

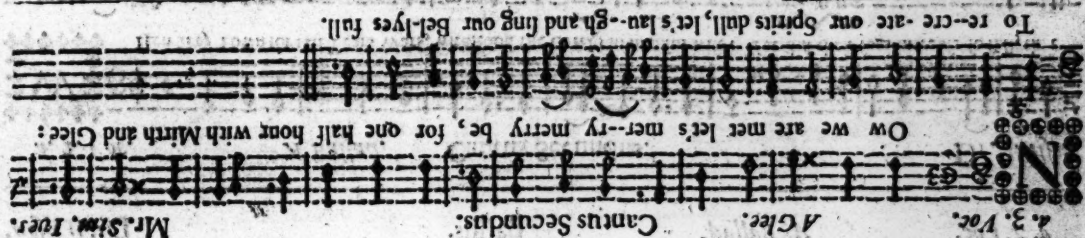
Here begineth the SONGS for Three Voyces.

a. 3. Voc. A Glee. Cantus Primus. Mr. Sim. Ives.



Ow we are met let's mer-ry mer-ry be, for one half hour with Mirth and Glee:
To re-cre-ate our Spi-rits dull, let's lau-gh and sing our Bel-lies full.

a. 3. Voc. A Glee. Cantus Secundus. Mr. Sim. Ives.



Ow we are met let's mer-ry mer-ry be, for one half hour with Mirth and Glee:
To re-cre-ate our Spi-rits dull, let's lau-gh and sing our Bel-lies full.

a. 3. Voc. A Glee. Bassus. Mr. Sim. Ives.



Ow we are met let's mer-ry mer-ry be, For one half hour with Mirth and Glee:
To re-cre-ate our Spi-rits dull, let's lau-gh and sing our Bel-lies full.


a. 3. Voc.

A Ballad.

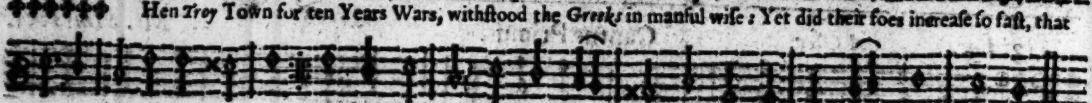
Cantus primus.

[114]


Dr. Wilson.




Hen Troy Town for ten Years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise : Yet did their foes increafe so fast, that



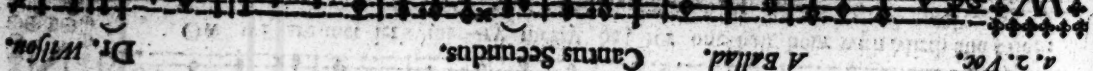
to resist none could suffice. Wall lay those Walls that were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.



to resist none could suffice. Wall lay those Walls that were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.



Hen Troy Town for ten Years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise : Yet did their foes increafe so fast, that



Dr. Wilson.

Cantus Secundus.

A Ballad.


a. 2. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.


A Ballad.

Bassus.

Dr. Wilson.



Hen Troy Town for ten Years Wars, withstood the *Greeks* in manful wise : Yet did their foes increafe so fast, that



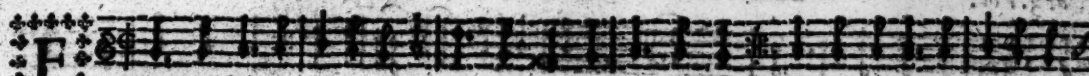
to resist none could suffice. Wall lay those Walls that were so good, and Corn now grows where Troy Town stood.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus primus.

[115]

Dr. Wilson.

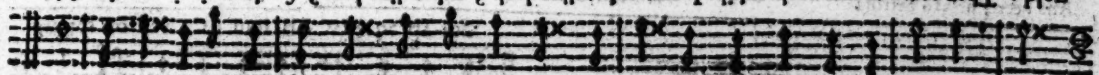


From the fair *La-vi-ni-on* shore, I your Markets come to store: Such is the sacred hunger of
 Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



gold: Then come to my pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? for here it is to be sold.

Gold: Then come to my pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? for here it is to be sold.



From the fair *La-vi-ni-on* shore, I your Markets come to store: Such is the sacred hunger of
 Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



Dr. Wilson.

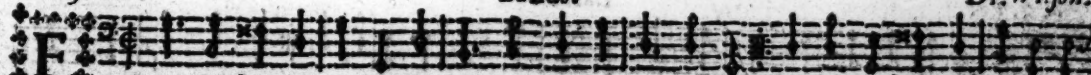
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Dr. Wilson.



From the fair *La-vi-ni-on* shore, I your Markets come to store: Such is the sacred hunger of
 Muse not though so far I dwell, and my Wares come here to sell.



gold: Then come to my pack, while I cry, what d'ye lack? what d'ye buy? for here it is to be sold.

Q 2

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[116]

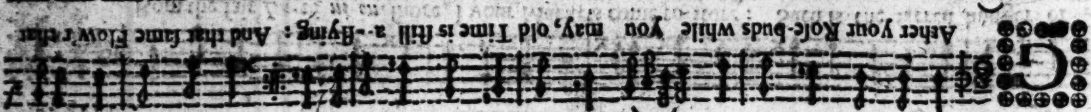
Mr. William Lawes.



smiles to day, to morrow will be dy-ing.
 The Glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
 The higher he is getting,
 The sooner will his Race be run,
 And neerer he's to Setting.

That age is best that is the first,
 While youth and blood are warmer:
 Expect not then the last and worst,
 Time still succeeds the former.

Then be not Coy, but use your Time,
 And whilst you may go marry:
 For having once but lost your prime,
 You may for ever tarry.



Mr. William Lawes.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Lawes.



smiles to day, to morrow will be dy-ing.

C Omely Swain, why sit'st thou so? Fa la la la la la la la: Fol-ded Arms are
 If thy Nymph no favour show, Fa la la la la la la la: Chuse another,
 Signs of woe; Fa la la la la la la la la la.
 let her goe: Fa la la la la la la la la la.

let her goe: Fa la la la la la la la la.
 Signs of woe; Fa la la la la la la la la.
 If thy Nymph no favour show, Fa la la la la la la la: Chuse another,
 Fol-ded Arms are: Omely Swain, why sit'st thou so? Fa la la la la la la la:
 John Playford. Cantus Secundus. a. 3. Voc.

C Omely Swain, why sit'st thou so? Fa la la la la la la la: Fol-ded Arms are
 If thy Nymph no favour show, Fa la la la la la la la: Chuse another,
 Signs of woe; Fa la la la la la la la la la.
 let her goe: Fa la la la la la la la la la.

Bassus. John Playford. a. 3. Voc.

2. 3. Voc.

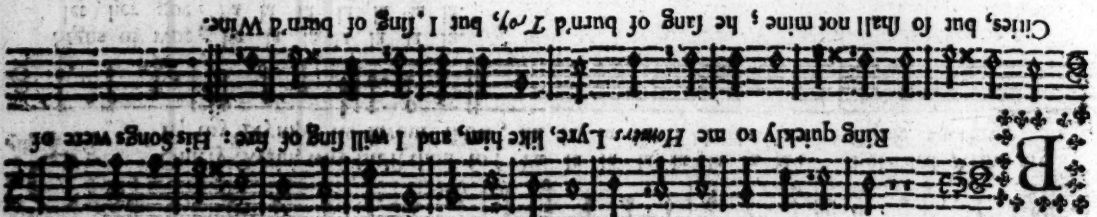
Cantus Primus.

[118]

Dr. Ben. Rogers.



Cities, but so shall not mine; he sang of burn'd Troy, but I sing of burn'd Wine.



S: Dr. Ben. Rogers.

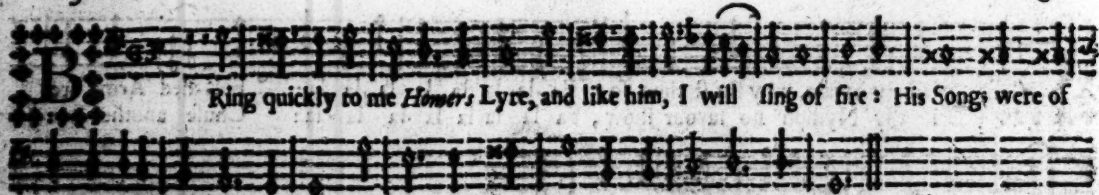
Cantus Secundus.

2. 3. Voc.

2. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

S: Dr. Ben. Rogers.




Cities, but so shall not mine; he sang of burn'd Troy, but I sing of burn'd Wine.

a. 3. Voc.


Cantus Primus.

[119]

Dr. Campion.

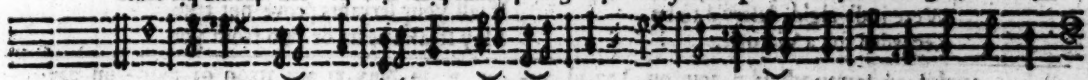


F Love love truth, then Women do not love; their passions all are but dissembling shewes:
Now kind and free of favour if they prove, their kindness straight a Tempest overthrowes.

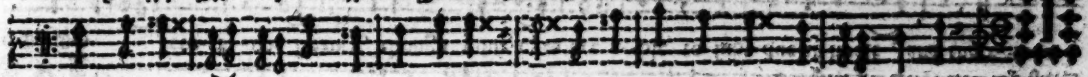


Then as a Seaman, the poor Lover fares, the Sea drowns him e're he can drown his cares.

Then as the Seaman, the poor Lover fares, the Sea drowns him e're he can drown his cares.



F Love love truth, then Women do not love, their passions all are but dissembling shewes:
Now kind and free of favour if they prove, their kindness straight a Tempest overthrowes.




Dr. Campion.

Cantus Secundus.


a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Dr. Campion.



F Love love truth, then Women do not love; their passions all are but dissembling shewes:
Now kind and free of favour if they prove, their kindness straight a Tempest overthrowes.



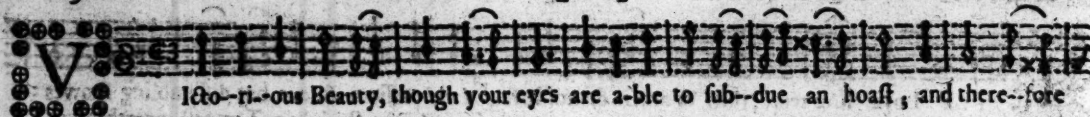
Then as the Seaman the poor Lo-ver fares; the Sea drowns him e're he can drown his cares.

a. 3. Voc.

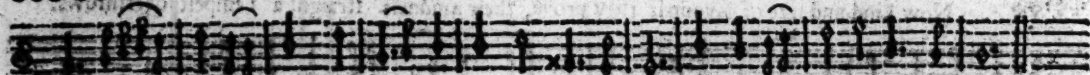
Cantus Primus.

[120]

Mr. William Webb



le-to-ri-ous Beauty, though your eyes are a-ble to sub-due an hoast, and there-fore



are un-like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a sin-gle heart despise.

The Conquest in regard of me
Alas is small! but in respect
Of her that did my Love protect
Were it dival'd, deserv'd to be
Recorded for a Victorie.

And such a one as chance to view
Her lovely face, perhaps may stay,
Though you have stole my heart away:
If all your servants prove not true,
May steal a heart or two from you.

are un-like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a sin-gle heart de-spise,



le-to-ri-ous Beauty, though your eyes are a-ble to sub-due an hoast, and there-fore



Mr. William Webb.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Webb.



le-to-ri-ous Beauty, though your eyes are a-ble to sub-due an hoast, and therefore



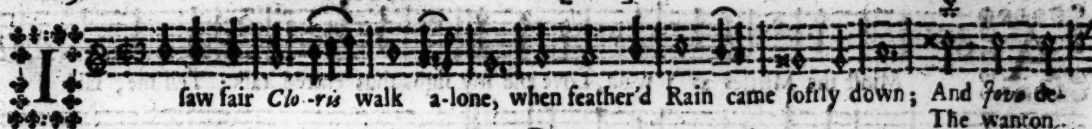
are un-like to boast the ta-king of a lit-tle prize, do not a sin-gle heart de-spise.

a. 3. Voc.

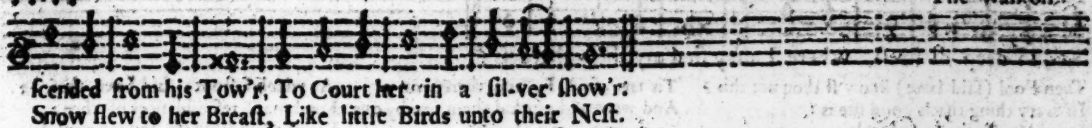
Cantus Primus.

[121]

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



saw fair *Clo-ris* walk a-lone, when feather'd Rain came softly down; And *love* de-
The wanton.



scended from his Tow'r, To Court her in a sil-ver show'r:
Snow flew to her Breast, Like little Birds unto their Nest.



scended from her Tow'r, To court her in a sil-ver show'r.
Snow flew to her Breast, Like lit-tle Birds in-to their Nest.
The wanton
And *love* de-
Saw fair *Clo-ris* walk a-lone, when feather'd Rain came softly down;

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

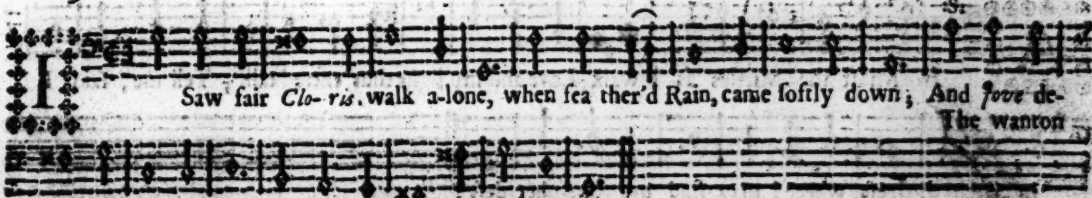
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



Saw fair *Clo-ris* walk a-lone, when sea ther'd Rain, came softly down; And *love* de-
The wanton

scended from her Tow'r, To court her in a sil-ver show'r.
Snow flew to her Breast, Like little Birds into their Nest.

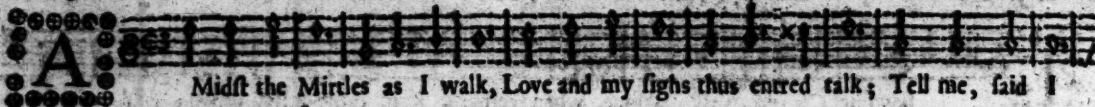
R

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[122]

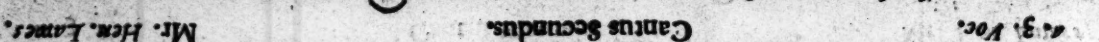
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



Then Fool (said Love) know'st thou not this?
In every thing that's good she is:
In yonder Tulip go and seek,
There thou shalt find her Lip and Cheek.

'Tis true, said I, and thereupon,
And went and pluck'd them one by one
To make a part a Union,
But on a suddain all was gone.

At which I hopt; said Love, these be
Fond man, resemblances of thee;
For as these Flowers, thy joy must dye,
Even in the turning of an eye.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Cantus secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

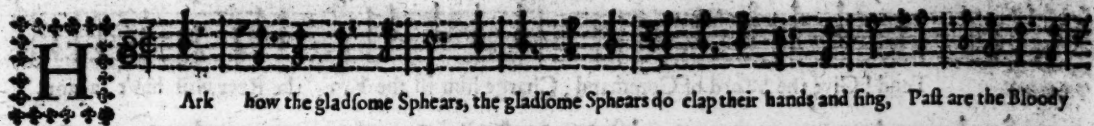


a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[123]

John Playford.



years, the cruel years, since the return o'th' King. Now two Face'd Fawns shut thy gates, Peace is return'd, thanks to the Fates,



the cruel years since the return o'th' King. Now two Face'd Fawns shut thy gates, Peace is return'd, thanks to the Fates,



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

John Playford.



the cruel years since the return o'th' King. Now two Face'd Fawns shut thy gates, Peace is return'd, thanks to the Fates.

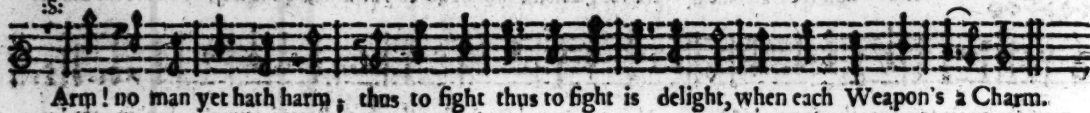
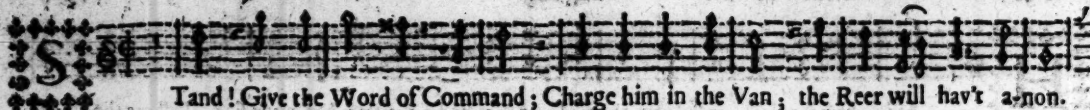
R 2

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[124]

Mr. Roger Hill.



Mr. Roger Hill.

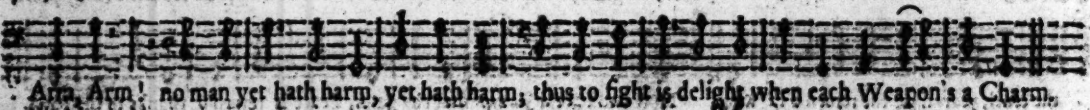
Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Roger Hill.

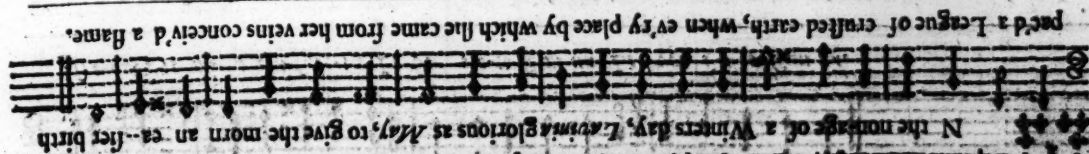


a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[125]

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Mr. Henry Lawes.

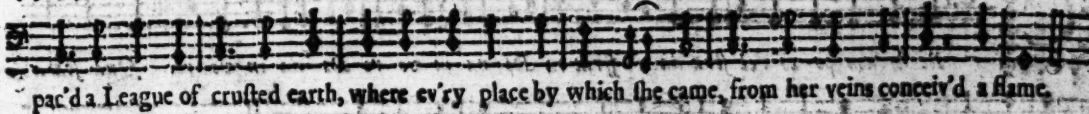
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.

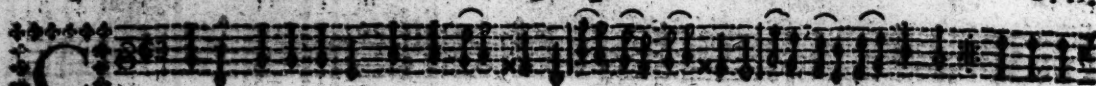


a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[126]

G. H.



Re do non po-co del fra-da e' frat-ta Do-na in ve-ro Do-na in ve-ro. Que sta



fre-quen-te mi-a con-fa-ta Le-ver s' o-to Can-na Le-ver s' o-to Can na.

fre-quen-te mi-a con-fa-ta Le-ver s' o-to Can-na Le-ver s' o-to Can na.



Re do non po-co del fra-da e' frat-ta Do-na in ve-ro Do-na in ve-ro. Que sta



G. H.

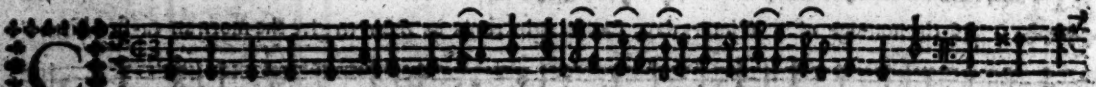
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

G. H.



Re do non po-co del fra-da e' frat-ta Do-na in ve-ro Do-na in ve-ro. Que sta



fre-quen-te mi-a con-fa-ta Le-ver s' o-to Can-na Le-ver s' o-to Can na.

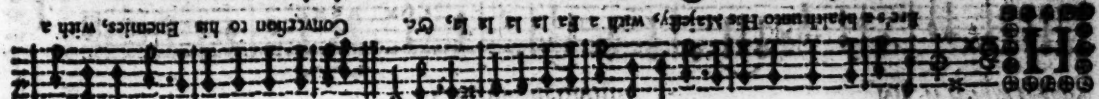
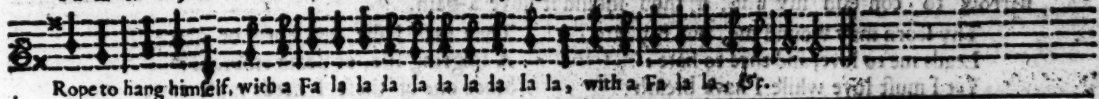
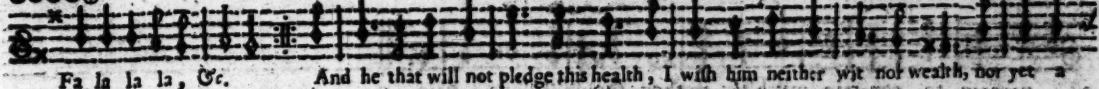
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[137]

Mr. Jer. Savile.

[His Majesty's Health.]



Mr. Jer. Savile.

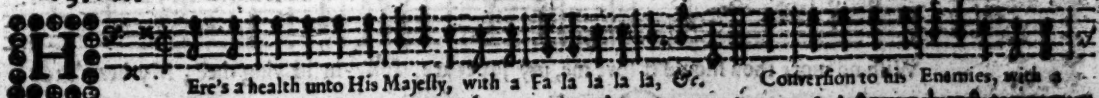
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jer. Savile.



a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[128]

Mr. William Webb.



With no more thou should'st love me, my joyes are full in lo-ving thee; My heart's too
 narrow to con-tain my blifs, if thou should'st love a-gain.

Thy scorn may wound me, but my fate
 Leads me to love, and thee to hate:
 Yet I must love while I have breath,
 For not to love were worse than death.

Then shall I sue for scorn or grace,
 A lingring life, or death embrace:
 Since one of these I needs must try,
 Love me but once, and let me dy.



Mr. William Webb.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

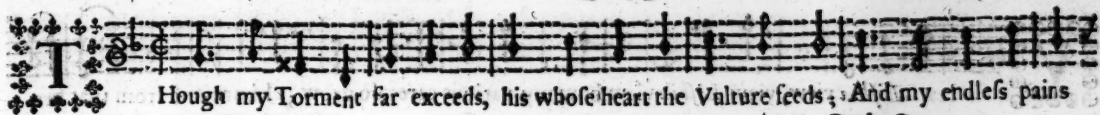
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

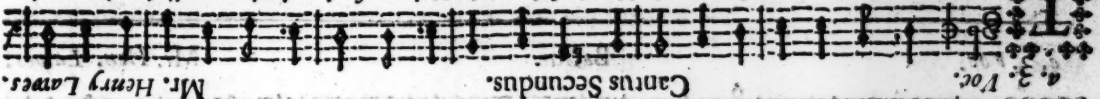
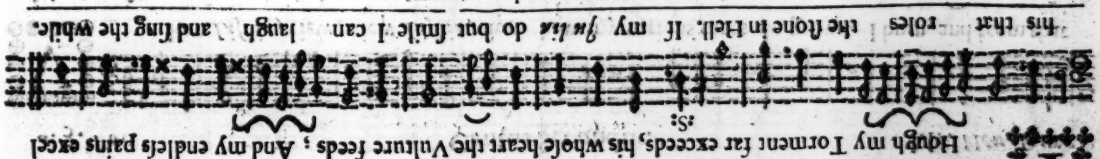
Mr. William Webb.



With no more thou should'st love me, my joyes are full in lo-ving thee; My heart's too
 narrow to con-tain my blifs, if thou should'st love a-gain.



Though my Fortunes greater were
 Than the *Macedonian* Heir;
 Could-I boast of greater glory
 Than the *Scythians* Shepherds story:
 If my *Julia* do but frown
 All my Pomp is overthrown.



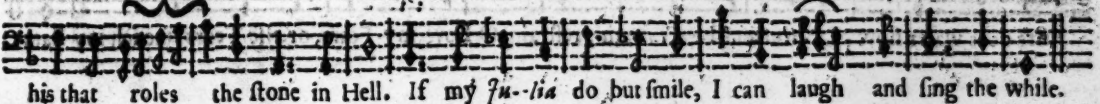
Mr. Henry Lawes.

Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[130]

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Iew *Liffia* view, view *Liffia* view how my various cares do grow; I burn, and from that fire

does water flow; I *Nilus* and I *Aena* am; restrain, O Love, my Tears, or else Tears quench my flame.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Iew *Liffia*, view, view *Liffia*, view how my various cares do grow; I burn, and from that

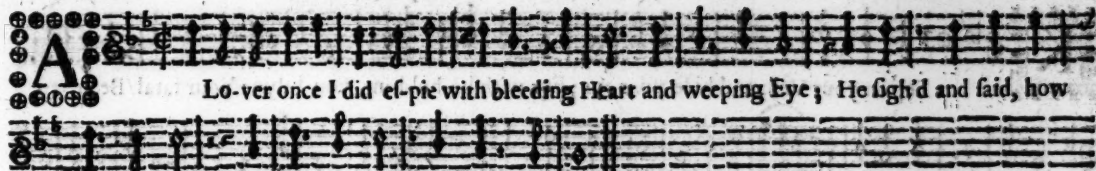
fire does water flow; I *Nilus* and I *Aena* am; restrain, O Love, my Tears, or else Tears quench my flame.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[131]

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



Lo-ver once I did es-pie with bleeding Heart and weeping Eye; He sigh'd and said, how

great's his pain that lives in Love, not Lov'd a-gain?

Can there (saith he) no Cure be found

But by the Hand that gave the Wound?

Then let me dye, which I'll endure,

Since She wants Charity to Cure,

Yet let her one day feel the pain,

To wish sh^e had Lov'd, but wish in vain:

For with red Cheeks may chance recover

Some sparks of Love, but not a Lover.

said, how great's his pain that lives in Love, not Lov'd a-gain?



Lo-ver once I did es-pie with bleeding Heart and weeping Eye; He sigh'd and



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

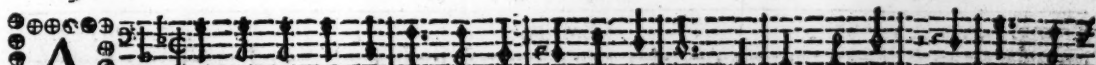
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

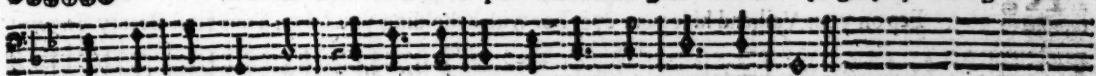
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



Lo-ver once I did es-pie with bleeding Heart and weeping Eye; He sigh'd and



said, how great's his pain that lives in Love, not Lov'd, not Lov'd a-gain?

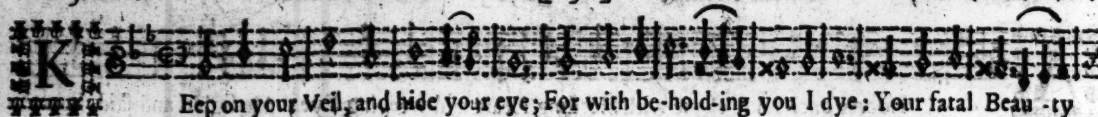
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a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[132]

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



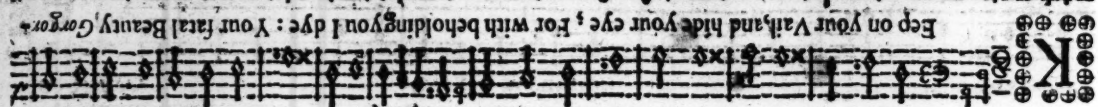
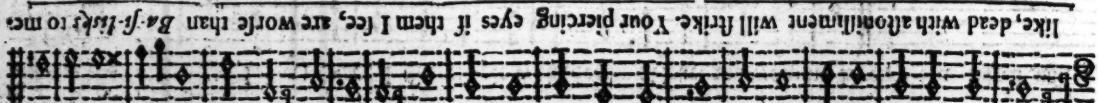
See on your Veil, and hide your eye; For with be-hold-ing you I dye; Your fatal Beau-ty



Gorgon-like, dead with astonishment will strike: Your piercing eyes if them I see, are worse than *Basilisks* to me.

Hide from my sight those Hills of Snow;
Their melting Vallies do not show;
Tho'e Azure paths leads to despair,
O vex me not! forbear, forbear:
For while I thus in torments dwell
The sight of Heav'n is worse than Hell.

Your dainty Voice, and warbling Breath
Sounds like a Sentence past for death;
Your dangling Tresses are become
Like Instruments of final doom:
O if an Angel torture so!
When life is done, where shall I go?



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

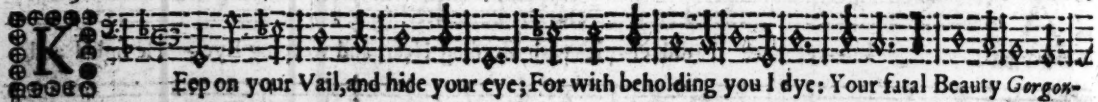
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

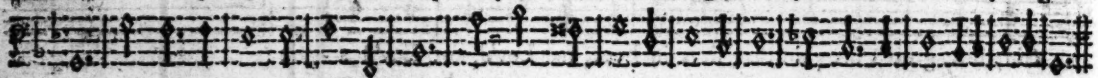
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



See on your Vail, and hide your eye; For with beholding you I dye: Your fatal Beauty Gorgon-



like, dead with astonishment will strike. Your piercing eyes if them I see, are worse than *Basilisks* to me.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[133]

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



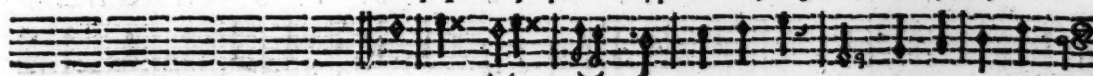
Eer, throw that flat'tring Glafs a-way; I have two tru-er for your turn: These eyes I



mean, where-in you may fee, how you blaze, and how I burn.

Ah! could you but as plainly there
My Faith as your own Face defcry,
You'd gaze your felf no otherwhere,
And burn (perhaps) as well as I.

mean where-in you may fee, how you blaze, and how I burn.



Eer throw that flat'tring Glafs a-way; I have two tru-er for your turn: These eyes I



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

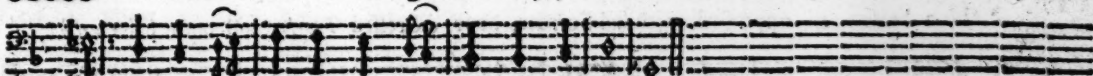
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

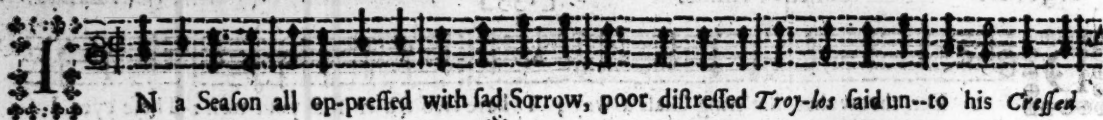
Mr. Hen. Lawes.



Eer throw that flat-t'ring Glafs a-way; I have two tru-er for your turn: These eyes I

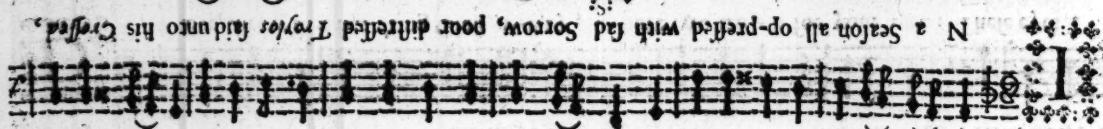


mean, wherein you may fee, how you blaze, and how I burn.



Yield, O yield thee, Sweet! and stay not, O no no no no no no no, sweet Love, I may not.

Yield, O yield thee, Sweet! and stay not, O no no no no no no no, sweet Love, I may not.



Dr. Wilson.

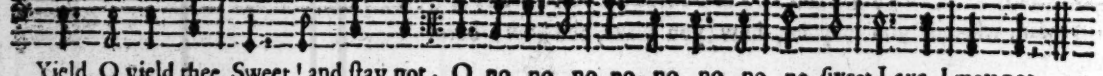
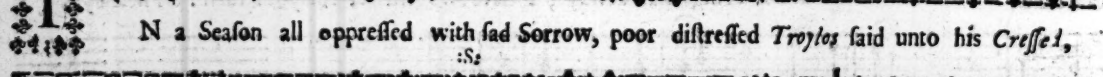
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Dr. Wilson.



Yield, O yield thee, Sweet! and stay not, O no no no no no no no, sweet Love, I may not.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[135]

Mr. Hen. Purcell.



Weet Tyrannets, I now resign my heart, for ever more 'tis thine; Those Magick sweets, force me, my



Arts, my self, to slavery: What need I care? thy Beauty flings such flow'ry smiling charms would conquer Kings.



Weet Tyrannets, I now resign my heart, for ever more 'tis thine; Those Magick sweets force me, my



M. Hen. Purcell.

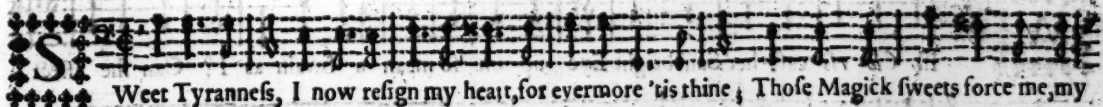
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Purcell.



Weet Tyrannets, I now resign my heart, for evermore 'tis thine; Those Magick sweets force me, my



Arts, my self to slavery: What need I care? thy Beauty flings such flow'ry smiling charms would conquer Kings.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[136]

Mr. Jo. Goodgroom.

Ill Clo-ris cast her Sun-bright Eye up-on so mean a Swain as I? Can she af-fect
my Oa-ten Reed, or stoop to wear my Shepherds Weeds?

my Oa-ten Reed, or stoop to wear my Shepherds Weed?

Ill Clo-ris cast her Sun-bright Eye up-on so mean a Swain as I? Can she af-fect

Mr. Jo. Goodgroom.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jo. Goodgroom.

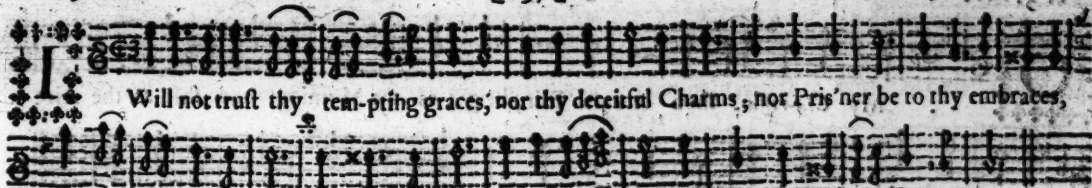
Ill Clo-ris cast her Sun-bright Eye up-on so mean a Swain as I? Can she affect
my Oaten Reed, or stoop to wear my Shepherds Weed?

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[137]

Mr. Jeremy Savile.



Will not trust thy tempt'ing graces, nor thy deceitful Charms, nor Pris'ner be to thy embraces,

nor fet-ter'd in thy Arms: No *Cæ-li-a*, no, not all thy Art can wound or cap-ti-vate my heart.

I will not gaze upon thine Eyes,

Nor wanton with thy Hair:

Lest those should burn me by surprize,

Or these my soul inflame.

Nor with those smiling dangers play,

Or fool my liberty away.

Since then my weary heart is free,

And unconfin'd as thine

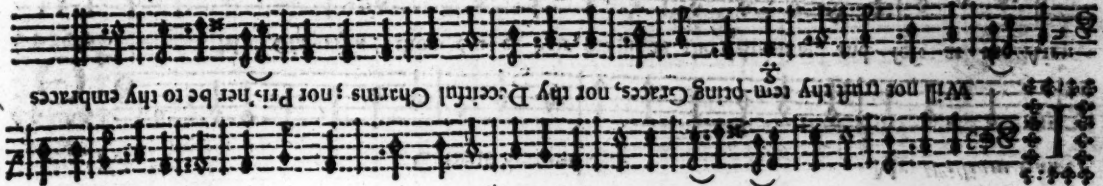
If thou would'st mine should captive be,

Thou must thine own resign

And Gratitude shall thus move more

Than Love or Beauty could before.

not fet-ter'd in thy Arms: No *Cæ-li-a*, no, not all thy Art can wound or cap-ti-vate my heart.



Will not trust thy tempt'ing graces, nor thy deceitful Charms, nor Pris'ner be to thy embraces

Mr. Jeremy Savile.

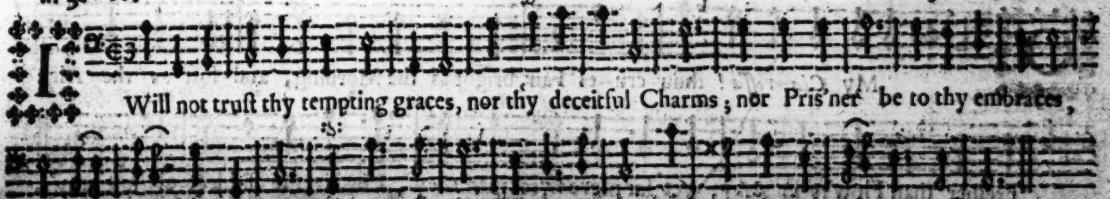
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Jeremy Savile.



Will not trust thy tempting graces, nor thy deceitful Charms, nor Pris'ner be to thy embraces,

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a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[138]

Mr. William Lawes.

My *Cla-rissa*! thou cru-el Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air:Fresher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my pray'r.

When First I saw thee, I felt a flame,
Which from thine Eyes like light'ning came;
Sure it was *Cupid's* Dart,
It pierc'd quite through my heart;
Oh, could thy breath once feel the same!

Then would the God of Love equal bee,
Giving me ease as by wounding thee:
Then would you never scorn,
When like to me you burn;
At least not prove unkind to me.

Fresher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my pray'r.My *Cla-rissa*! thou cru-el Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air:

Mr. William Lawes.

Cantus Secundus.

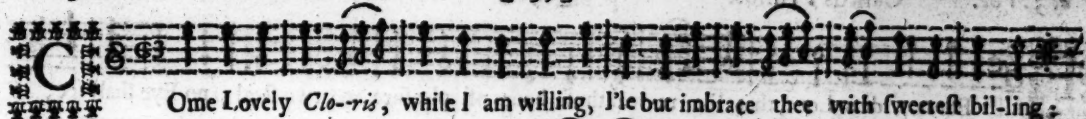
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Lawes.

My *Cla-rissa*! thou cru-el Fair, bright as the Morning, and soft as the Air:Fresher than Flow'rs in *May*, yet far more sweet than they; Love is the subject of my pray'r.



But if thou stay too long, I shall be gone, and find out a new Muse to crown my Song.

1. Thou shalt return thousands of Kisses,

I'll study how to number Blisses:

Forthere be many my love would enjoy,

Though *Cloris* neglect me, and prove so coy.

2. Lately on yonder brow I sat piping,

Where *Amarillis* lay by me sighing:

Some times her piteous moan methought did move me,

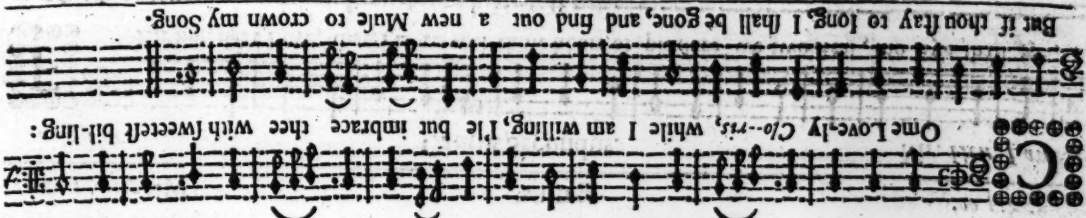
But I must her disdain, so much I love thee.

3. Oh Fairest, prove then kind, and I will serve thee!

Far more than all the Nymphs I will observe thee:

But if you now refuse, ne'er will I wooe thee,

Nor sigh, when thou complain'st I did undoe thee.



Mr. William Lawes.

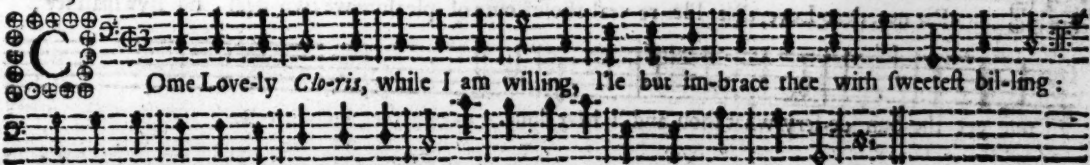
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

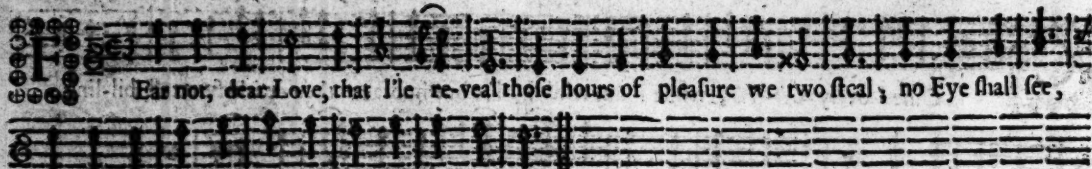
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Lawes.



But if thou stay too long, I shall be gone, and find out a new Muse to crown my Song.



nor yet the Sun deſcry what thou and I have done.

No ear ſhall hear our Love, but we

As ſilent as the night will be

The God of Love himſelf, (whoſe dart

D'd firſt wound mine, and then thy heart)

Shall never know that we can tell,

What ſweets in ſtoyn embraces dwell;

This only means may find it out,

If when I die, Phyſicians doubt

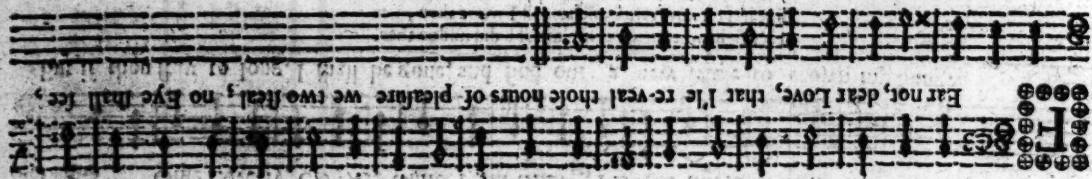
What cauſ'd my death; and then to view

Of all their Judgments which was true;

Rip up my heart, O then I fear

The World will ſee thy picture there.

nor yet the Sun deſcry what thou and I have done.



Mr. Hen. Lawes.

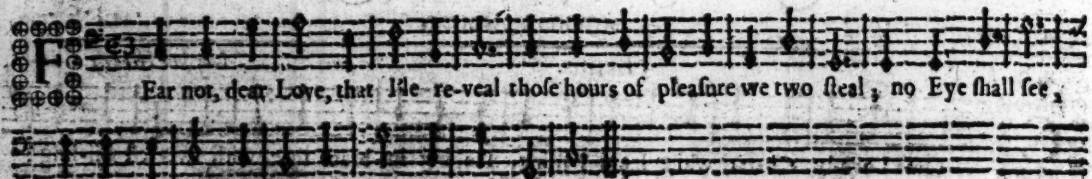
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Baſſus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



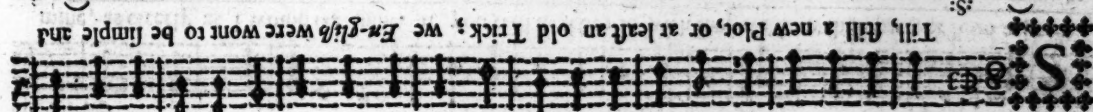
nor yet the Sun deſcry what thou and I have done.

4. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[141]

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Till, still a new Plot, or at least an old Trick; we *English* were wont to be simple andtrue: But eve-ry man now is a *Flo-ren-tine Nick*, a lit-tle peer *Jo-seph*, or a great *Ri-che-lien*.true: But eve-ry man now is a *Flo-ven-tine Nick*, a lit-tle peer *Jo-seph*, or a great *Ri-che-lien*.Till, still a new Plot, or at least an old Trick; we *English* were wont to be simple and

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

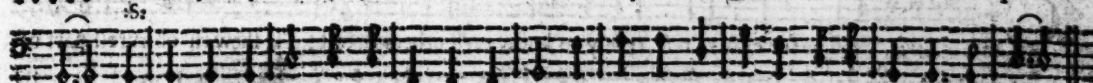
Cantus Secundus.

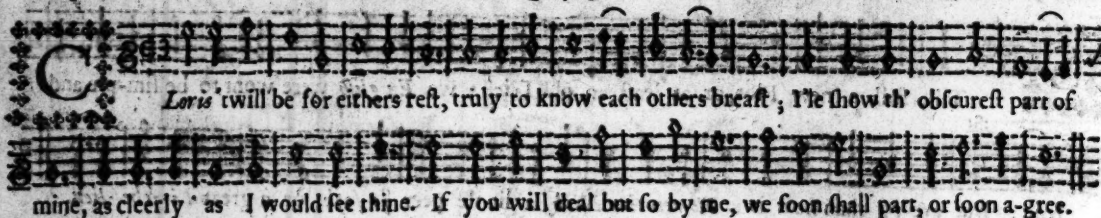
4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Till, still a new Plot, or at least an old Trick, we *English* were wont to be simple andtrue: But eve-ry man now is a *Flo-ren-tine Nick*, a lit-tle peer *Jo-seph* or a great *Ri-che-lien*.

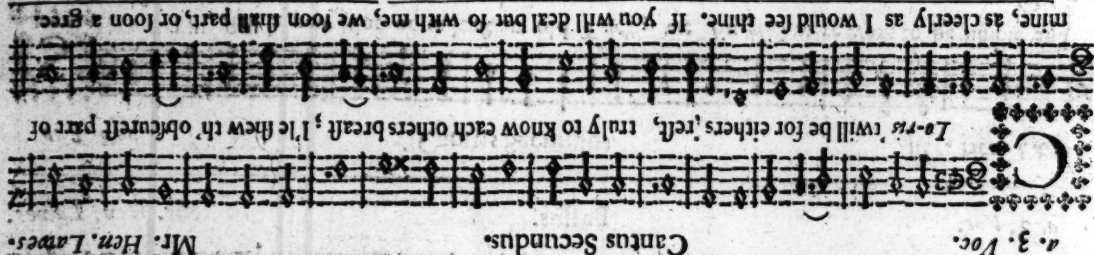


Love 'twill be for eithers rest, truly to know each others breast; I'll shew th' obscurest part of
mine, as clearly as I would see thine. If you will deal but so by me, we soon shall part, or soon a-gree.

Know then, though you were twice as fair
(if it could be,) as now you are;
And though the graces of your mind
With a resembling lustre shin'd;
Yet if you Lov'd me not you'd see
I've value those as you do me.

Though I a thousand times have sworn
My passion should transcend your scorn:
And that your bright triumphant Eyes
Creates a flame which never dyes.
Yet if to me you prov'd untrue,
Those Oaths should prove as false as you.

If I vow'd to pay love for hate,
'Twas cause I knew 'twas not my fate:
Or that my flames would deathless prove
'Twas for to render so your love.
I bragg'd as Cowards use to doe
At dangers they ne're run into.

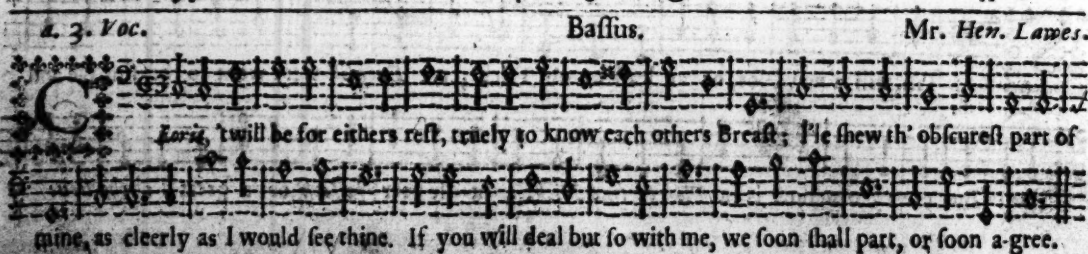


Love 'twill be for eithers rest, truly to know each others breast; I'll shew th' obscurest part of
mine, as clearly as I would see thine. If you will deal but so with me, we soon shall part, or soon a-gree.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

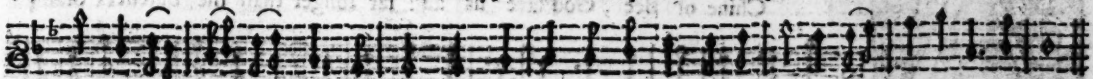
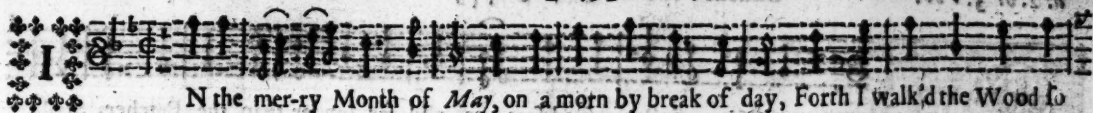


Love 'twill be for eithers rest, truly to know each others breast; I'll shew th' obscurest part of
mine, as clearly as I would see thine. If you will deal but so with me, we soon shall part, or soon a-gree.

a. 3. Voc.

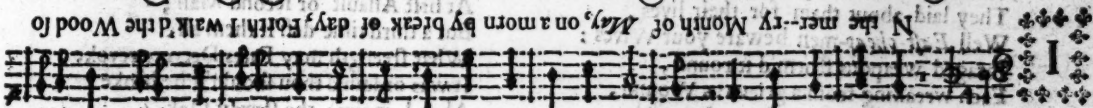
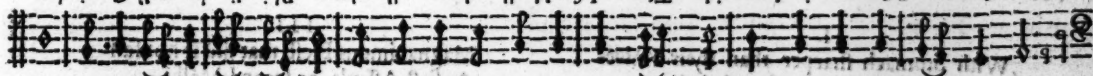
Bassus.

Mr. Hen. Lawes.



wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy'd all a-lone, all a-lone, *Phi-li-da* and *Co-ri-don*.
 Much a doe there was, God wot, *Coridon* would have kiss her then, Then with many a pretty Oath,
 He did love but she could not; She said, Maids must kiss no Men, As Year and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
 He said his love was to wooe; Till they kiss for good and all; Such as silly Shepherds use
 She said none was false to you: Then she bad the shepherds call When they would not love shes;
 He said he had lov'd her long, All the Gods to witness truth, Love which had been long deluded,
 She said love should take no wrong. Ne're was lov'd so fair a Youth. Was with kisses sweet continued.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy'd all a-lone, all a-lone, *Phi-li-da* and *Co-ri-don*.



Dr. John Wilson.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Dr. John Wilson.



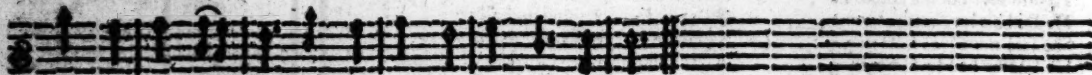
wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy'd all a-lone; a-lone, *Phi-li-da* and *Co-ri-don*;



Chine of Beef, God save us all! far longer than the Butchers Stall;



and stur-dier than the Ci--ty Wall: For this held out un--til the Foe, by dint of



blade, and po--tent blow, fell in pell mell; that did not so.

II.

With Stomach sharper than their Knives
They laid about them for their lives,
Well *East-cheap*-men beware your Wives:
Inrag'd weapons storm'd it round,
Each wreaking from a grievous Wound,
That in's own Gravy it seems drown'd.

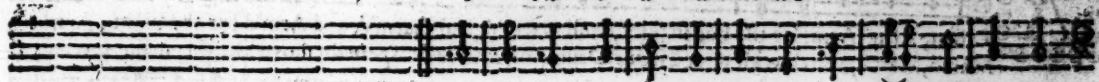
III.

Magnanimous Flesh that did'st not fall
At first Assault, or second Mall;
But a third time des't them all!
What strength may Fates Decrees revoke,
It was ordain'd thou should'st be broke:
Alas! in time, the sturdy Oak.

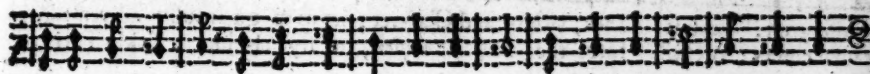
IV.

What goodly ruines still appear!
What Bulwark, Spondels, are there here!
What Palazado Ribbs are there!
The bold Monument, stern death defies,
Inscribed thus, to Mirth, here lies
A Trophie, and a Sacrifice.

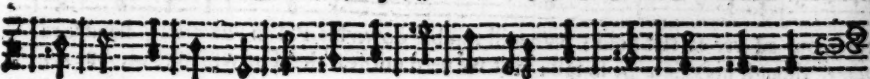
blade, and po-tent blow, fell in pell mell, that did not so.



and stur-dier than the Ci-ty Wall: For this held out un--til the Foe by dint of



Chine of Beef, God save us all! far longer than the Butchers Stall;



Cantus Secundus.

a. 2. or 3. Voc.

a. 2. or 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Edw. Coleman.



Chine of Beef, God save us all! far longer than the Butchers Stall;



and stur-dier than the Ci-ty Wall: For this held out un--til the Foe by dint of



blade, and po-tent blow, fell in pell mell, that did not so.

v

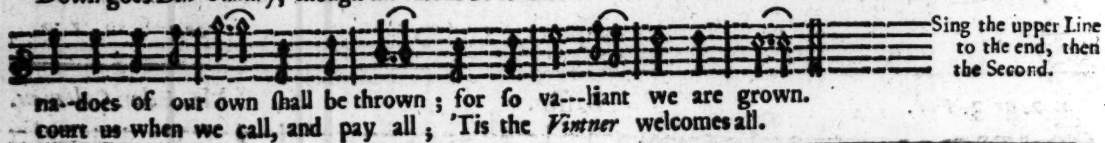
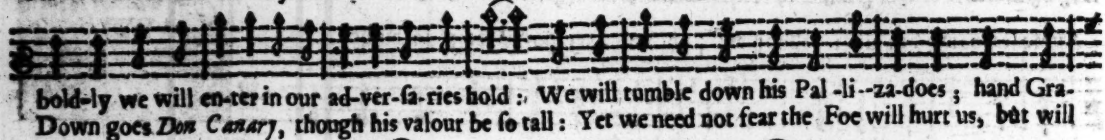
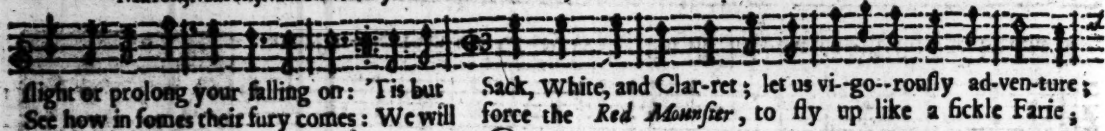
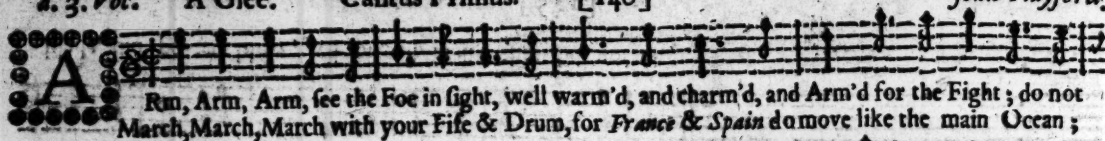
4. 3. Voc.

A Glee.

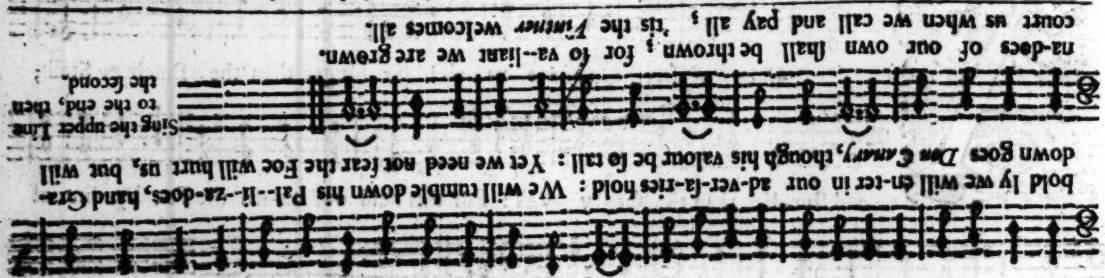
Cantus Primus.

[146]

John Playford.

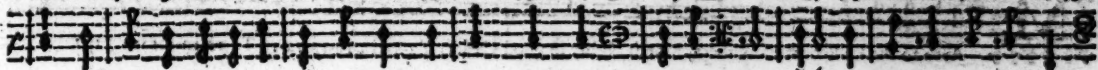


Sing the upper Line
to the end, then
the Second.

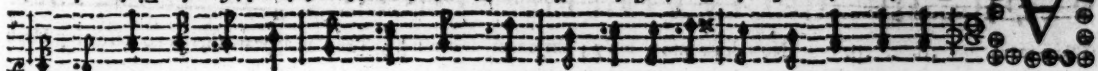


Sing the upper Line
to the end, then
the second.

See how in fomes their fury comes : We will force the *Red Mounfier*, to fly up like a fickle Fayrie ;
 Light or prolong your fall--ling on : 'Tis but Sack, White, and Clarret ; let us vi-go-rouly ad-venture ;



March, March, March with you Fife & Drum, for *France & Spain* do move like the main Ocean ;
 Rm, Arm, Arm, see the Foe in fight well warm'd and charm'd and arm'd for the Fight ; do not



John Playford.

Cantus Primus.

A Glee.

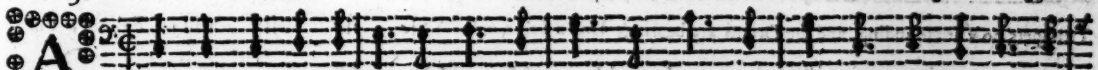
A. 3. Ver.

a. 3. Voc.

A Glee.

Bassus,

John Playford.



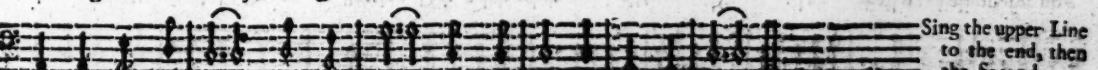
Rm, Arm, Arm, see the Foe in fight, well warm'd and charm'd and arm'd for the Fight ; do not
 March, March, March with your Fife & Drum, for *France & Spain* do move like the main Ocean ;



slight or prolong your falling on : 'Tis but Sack, White, and Clarret ; let us vi-go-rouly ad-venture ;
 See how in fomes their fury comes : We will force the *Red Mounfier*, to fly up like a fickle Fayrie ;



boldly we will en-ter in our ad-ver-sa-ries hold : We will rum-ble down his Pal-li-za-does , hand Gra-
 down goes *Don Canary*, though his valour be so tall : Yet we need not fear the Foe will hurt us, but will



na-does of our own shall be thrown ; for so va-liant we are grown.
 court us when we call, and pay all ; 'tis the *Vinner* welcomes all.

Sing the upper Line
 to the end, then
 the Second.

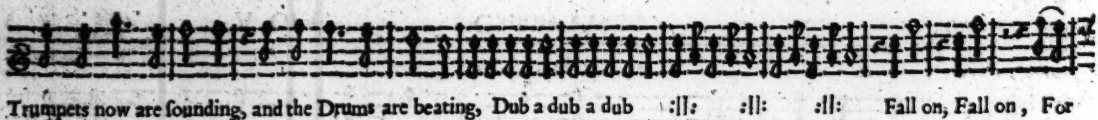
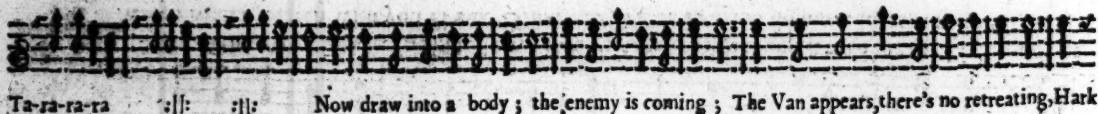
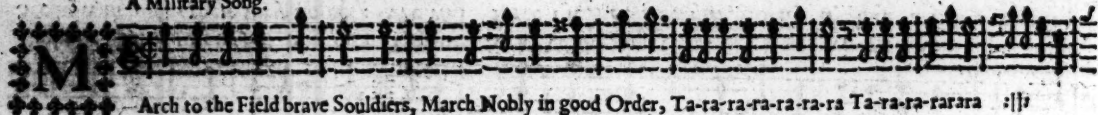
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[148]

John Playford.

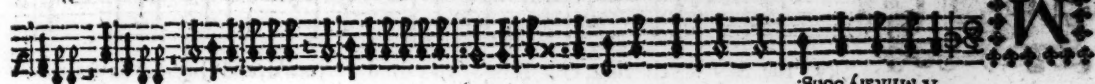
A Military Song.



Tarararara ::||: New draw into a Body; The enemy is coming; the Van appears; there's no retreating; Hark, Trumpets



Arch to the Field brave Souldiers, March Nobly in good Order; Tararararara ::||: ::||: ::||:



A Military Song.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.

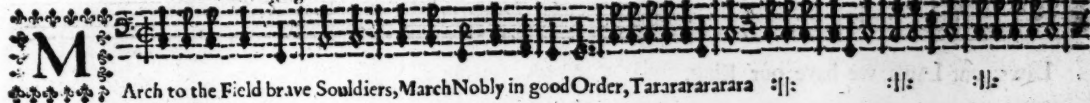
John Playford.

a. 3. Voc.

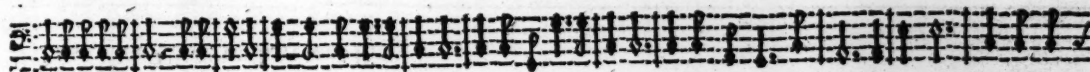
Bassus.

John Playford.

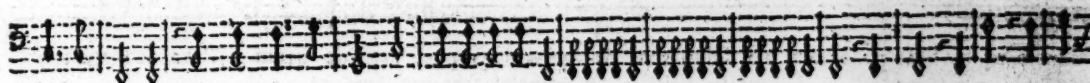
A Military Song.



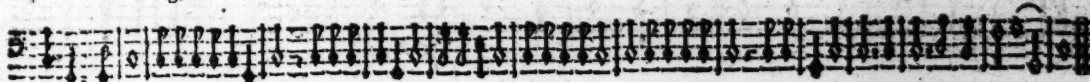
Arch to the Field brave Souldiers, March Nobly in good Order, Tararararara ::||: ::||: ::||:



Now draw into a Body; The Enemy is coming; the Van appears; there's no retreating; Hark, Trumpets



now are S. anding, and the Drums are Beating, Dub a dub a dub ::||: ::||: ::||: Fall on, Fall on, For now



the Field is won, Tararararara ::||: ::||: ::||: ::||: ::||: Now the Battl: is done, is done.

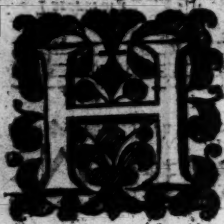
a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

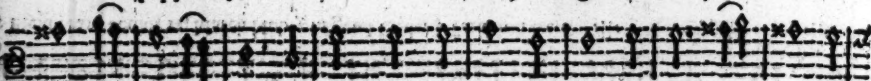
[150]

John Playford

On the 29th of May.



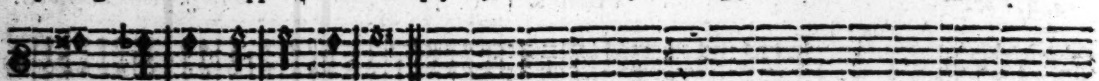
All hap-py day, now *De-ru* sit thee down, and sigh no more; See now the



Sky, the Sky is cleering, Our King's re-turn'd, re-turn'd, and Joy-ful dayes ap-

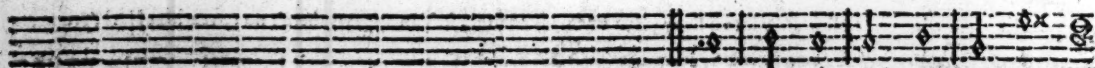


pearing: Let mirth appear, let mirth ap-pear, and cheerful-ly let's sing; we have our Laws, we have our



Laws, our Laws, we have our King.

Laws, our Laws, we have our King.



Let mirth appear, let mirth ap-pear, and cheer-ful-ly let's sing; we have our Laws, we have our



Sky is clearing, our King's return'd, return'd, and Joy-ful dayes ap-pear-ing :



All hap-py day, now *De-vms* sit thee down and sigh no more ; See how the Sky, the



On the 29th of May.

Cantus Secundus.

John Playford.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

John Playford.

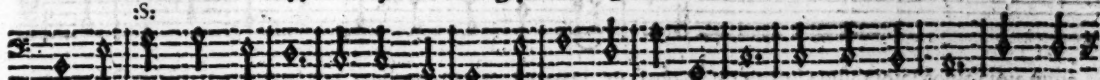
On the 29th of May.



All hap-py day, now *De-vms* sit thee down, and sigh no more ; See now the



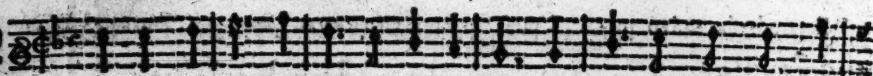
Sky, the Sky is clearing ; Our King's return'd, return'd, and Joy-ful dayes ap-



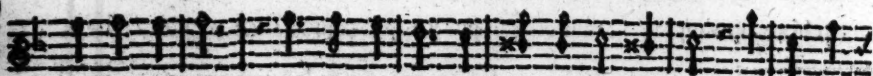
pear-ing : Let mirth ap-pear, let mirth ap-pear, and cheer-ful-ly let's sing ; we have our Laws, we have



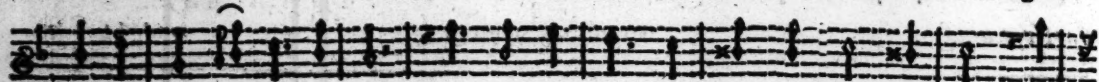
our Laws, our Laws, we have our King.



He Sil-ver Swan, who li-ving had no Note, when death approach'd, un-lock'd



her si-lent Throat : Leaning her Breast against the Reedy shore, thus sung her



first and last, and sang no more. Far-wel all Joyes ; O death, come close mine eyes ! more

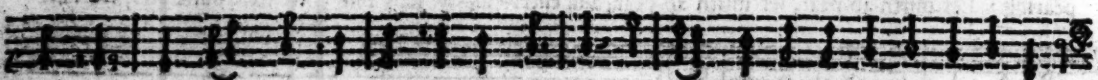


Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than Wife.

eyes ! more Geese than Swans now live, more Fools than Wife.



thus sung her first and last, and sang no more. Far-wel all Joyes ; O death, come close mine



lock'd her si-lent throat, leaning her breast, her breast a-gainst the ree-dy Shore,



He sil-ver Swan, who li-ving had no Note, when death ap-proach'd, un-



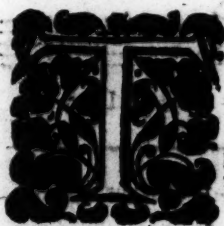
Mr. Orlando Gibbons

Cantus Secundus.

[A. 3. Vor.]

Bassus.

Mr. Orlando Gibbons.



He sil-ver Swan, who li-ving had no Note, when death ap-proach'd,



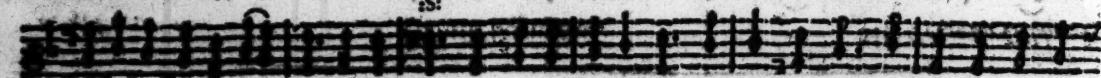
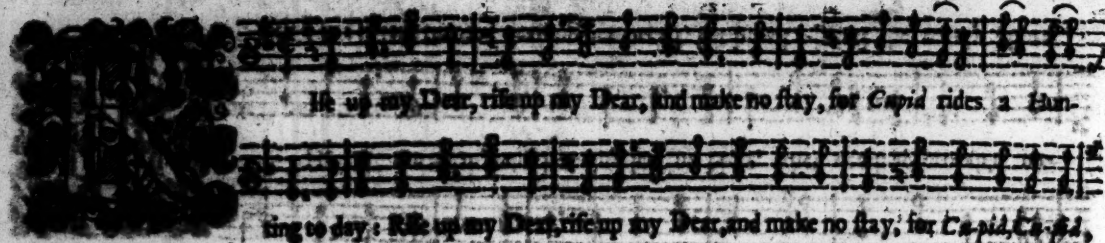
when death approach'd, unlock'd her si-lent throat, leaning her breast against the



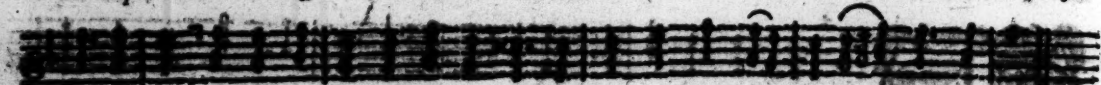
ree-dy Shore, thus sung her first and last, and sang no more: Fare-wel all Joyes, O death come



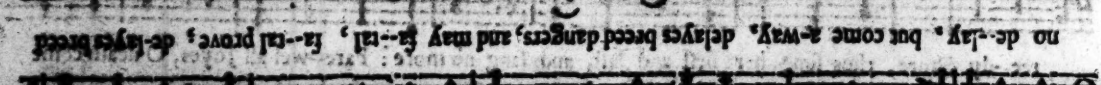
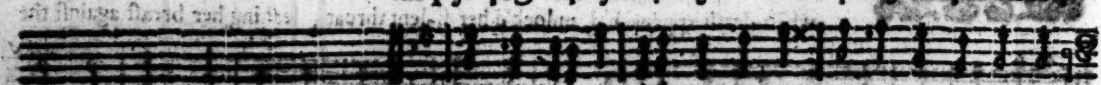
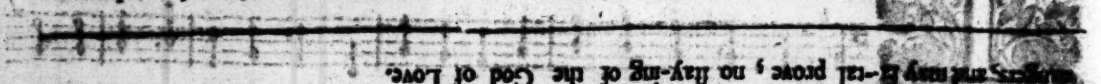
close mine eyes, more Geefe than Swans now live, more Fools than Wife.



for Cupid rides a Hunting to day. Then make no delay, but come away, delays breed dangers and may



fa-tal prove; delays breed dangers and may fa-tal prove; no stay-ing of the God of Love.



Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid rides a Hunting to day. Then make



Rise up my Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid rides a Hunting to day: Rise up my



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

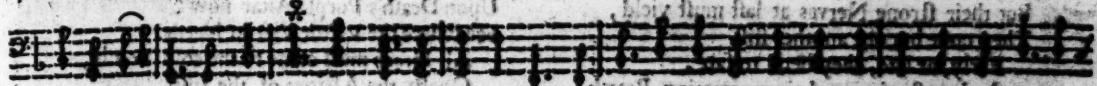
John Playford.



Rise up my Dear, up my Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid rides a Hunting to



day: Rise up my Dear, up my Dear, and make no stay, for Cupid Cupid for Cupid



rides a Hunting to day. Then make no delay, but come away, delays breed dangers and may fa-tal



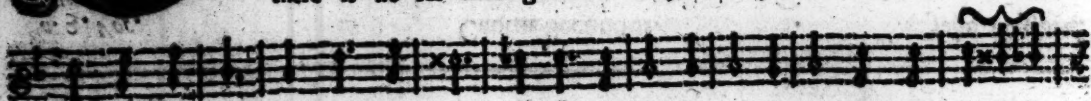
prove, delays breed dangers, and may fa-tal, fa-tal prove; no staying of the God of Love.



He Glo-ries of our Birth and State, are shadows not sub-stant-ial things;



there is no Ar--mor 'gainst our fate, Death layes his I--cy hands on Kings.



Scep--ters and Crowns must tum--ble down, and in the Dust be e--qual laid with the poor



Crook-ed Scyth and Spade.

Some Men with Swords may reap the Field,
And Plant fresh Laurels where they kill'd:
But their strong Nerves at last must yield,
They raise but one another still.
Early, or late, they bend to fate,
And must give up their murmuring Breath,
While the pale Captive creeps to Death.

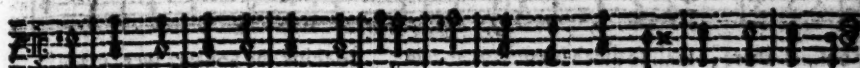
The Garland withers on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty Deeds:
Upon Death's Purple Altar now,
See where the Victor Victim bleeds.

All Heads must come to the cold Tomb,
Onely the Actions of the Just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their Dust.

Scepters & Crowns must tumble down, and in the Dust be equal laid with the poor crooked Scyth & Spade.



there is no Ar--mor 'gainst our fate, Death layes his I--cy hands on Kings.



He Glo--ries of our Birth and State, are shadows, not sub--stan--tial things;



Mr. Edward Coleman.

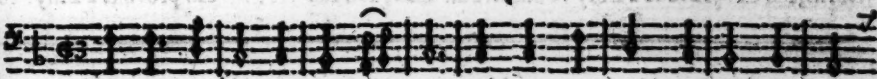
Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. 1. 2.

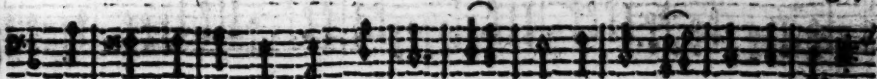
4. 3. 1. 2.

Bassus.

Mr. Edward Coleman.



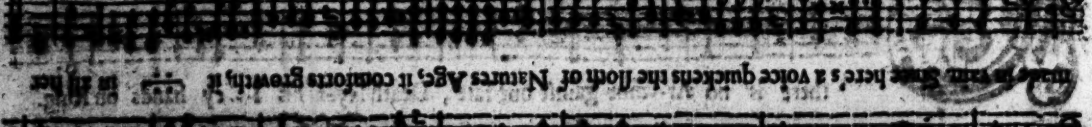
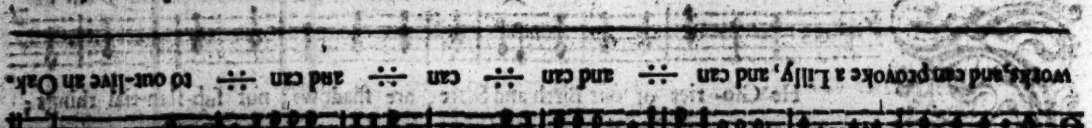
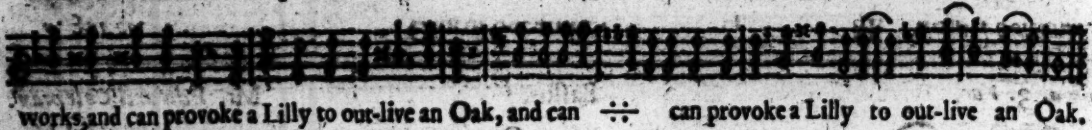
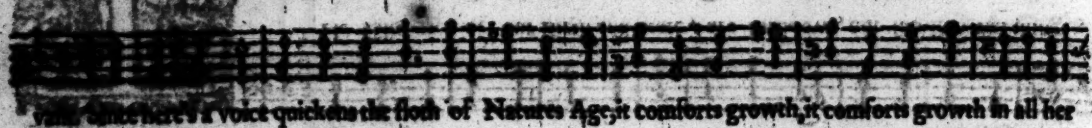
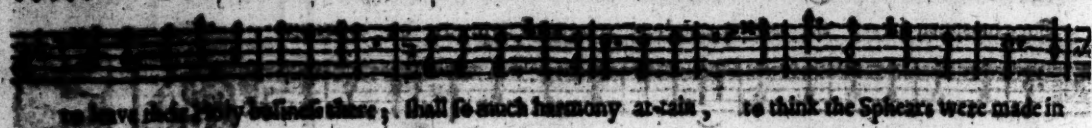
He Glo--ries of our Birth and State, are shadows, not sub--stan--tial things;



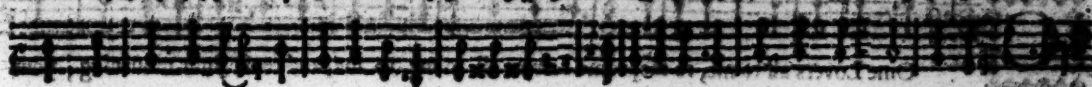
there is no Ar--mor 'gainst our fate, Death layes his I--cy hands on King.



Scepters & Crowns must tumble down, & in the Dust be equal laid with the poor Crooked Scyth and Spade.



The ly busines there, till each with his o-be-dient ear shall so much harmony attain to think the Sphears were



Ing fair Clo-rinda, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the Throne above to leave their



Mr. Henry Lawes

Cantus Secundus.

A. 3. Voc.

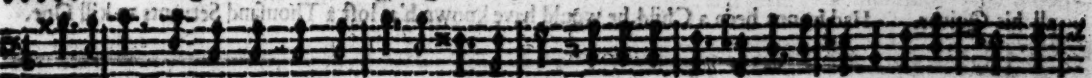
A. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Henry Lawes.



Ing fair Clo-rinda, sing, sing, whilst you move those that attend the Throne above to leave their



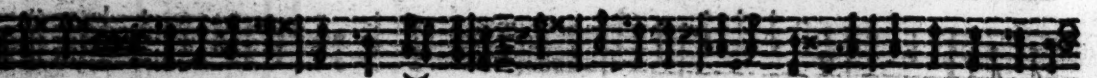
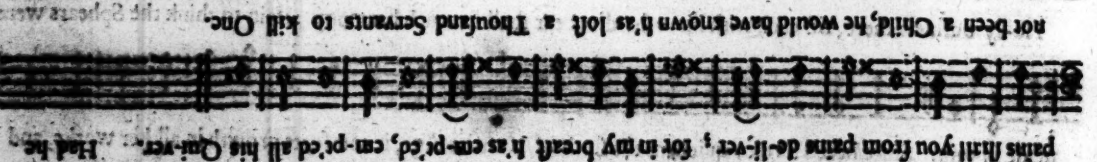
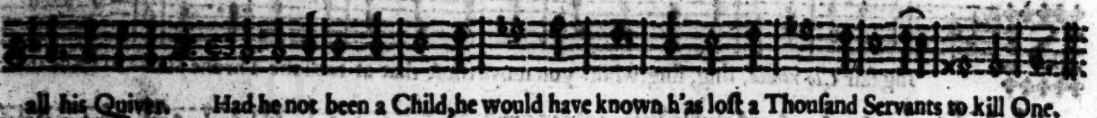
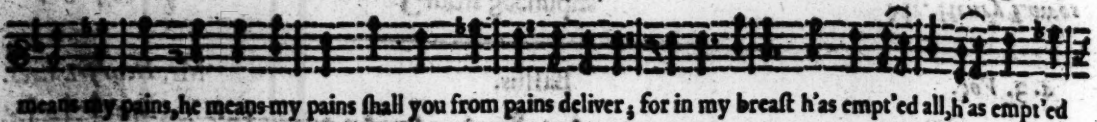
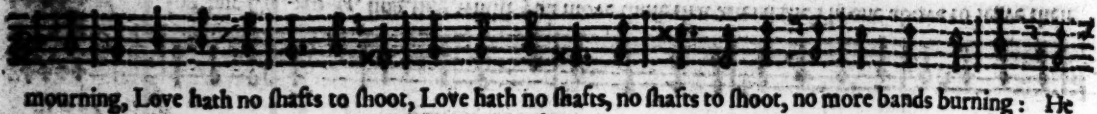
Ho-ly busines there, till each with his o-be-dient ear shall so much harmony attain to think the Sphears were



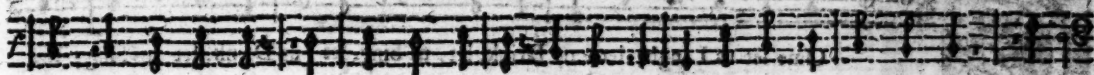
made in vain. Since here's a voice quickens the sloth of Natures Age, it comforts growth in all her works, and



can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly, and can provoke a Lil-ly to out-live an Oak.



ing, Love hath no shafts to shoot, no shafts to shoot, no more bands burning : He means my pains, my



Ome Lovers all to me, come Lovers all to me, to me, and cease your mourning, your mourn-



John Playford

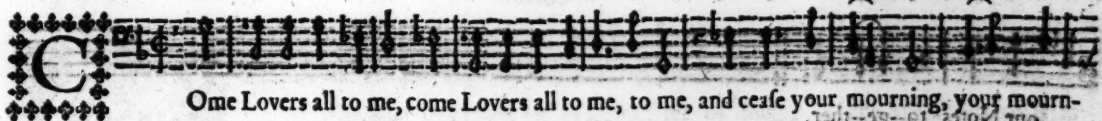
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

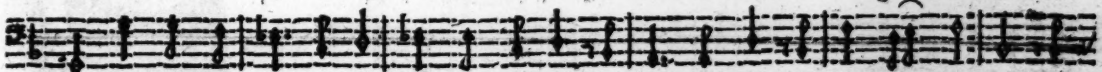
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

John Playford.



Ome Lovers all to me, come Lovers all to me, to me, and cease your mourning, your mourn-



ing, Love hath no shafts to shoot, Love hath no shafts, no shafts to shoot, no more bands burning : He



means my pains, he means my pains shall you from pains de-li-ver ; for in my breast h'as empt'ed all, h'as



empt'ed all his Quiver. Had he not been a Child he would have known h'as lost a thousand servants to kill One.



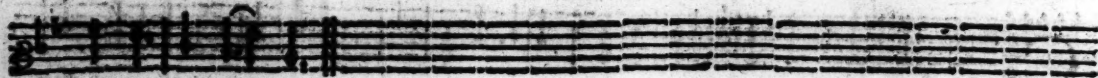
One let us Laugh, let us Drink, let us Sing, let us Drink, let us Sing, the



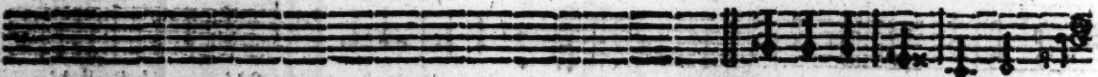
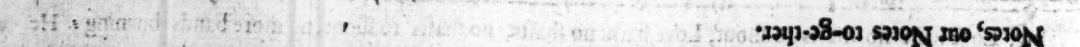
Win-ter with us is as good as the Spring. We care not a Feather for Wind or for



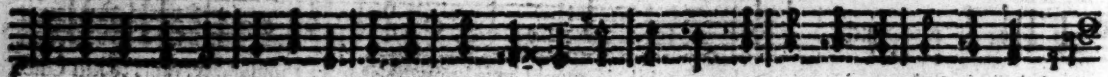
Wea-ther, by Night and by Day, and by Day, we sport and play, con-fer-ring our Notes,



our Notes to-ge-ther.



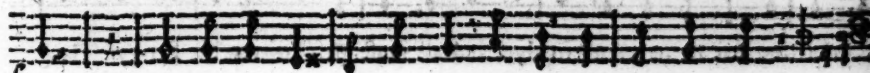
Wind or for Weather, by Night and by Day, we sport and play, conferring our Notes, conferring our



Win-ter with us is as good as the Spring: We care not a Feather for



Omne let us Drink, let us Drink, let us Sing, let us Sing, The



Mr. William Gregorie.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. William Gregorie.



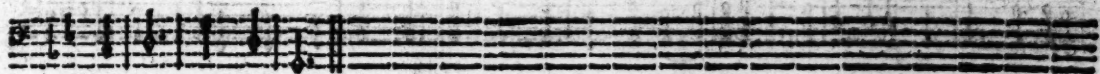
Omne let us Laugh, let us Drink, let us Sing, the Winter to us is as



good as the Spring: We care not a Feather for Wind or for Weather by



Night and by Day, and by Day we sport and play, con-ferring our Notes, con-ferring our Notes,



our Notes to-ge-ther.



Since by wealth we can't prolong our Years, why spend we our Time in needless grief and



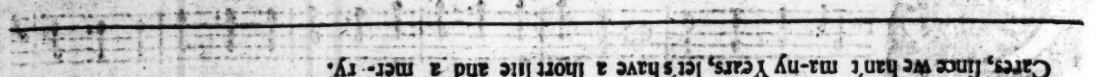
fears? For since De-sti-ny has de-creed us to dye, and all must pass o-ver the Fer-ry: Hang



Riches and Care's, since we han't many Years, let's have a short life and a mer-ry; Hang Riches and



Care's, since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short Life and a mer-ry.



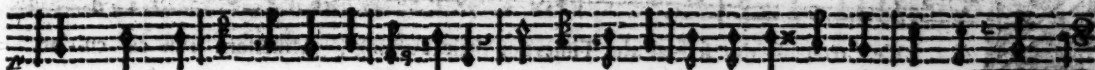
Cares, since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short life and a mer-ry.



Riches and Care's, since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short life and a mer-ry; Hang Riches and



tears? For since De-sti-ny has decreed us to dye, and all must pass o-ver the Fer-ry; Hang



Ince by wealth we can't prolong our Years, why spend we our Time in needles grief and



Mr. Matthew Locke.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Matthew Locke.



Ince by wealth we can't pro-long our Years, why spend we our Time in needles griefs and



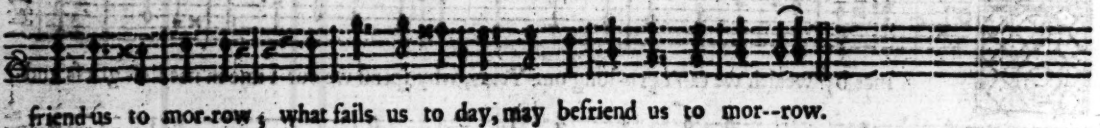
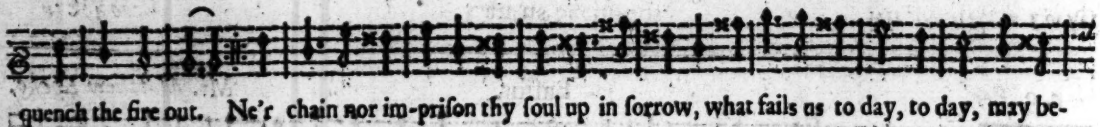
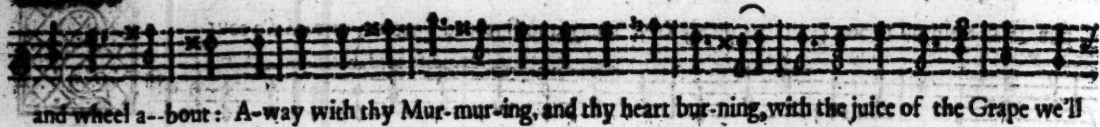
tears? For since De-sti-ny has de-creed us to dye, and all must pass o-ver the Fer-ry; Hang



Riches and Cares, since we han't many Years, let's have a short life and a merry; Hang Riches and



Cares since we han't ma-ny Years, let's have a short Life and a mer-ry.



and wheel about : Away with thy Murmuring, and thy heart burning, with the juice of the Grape we'll



E'r trouble thy self at the Times nor their Turnings, Afflictions run cir-cu-lar



Mr. Matthew Locke.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

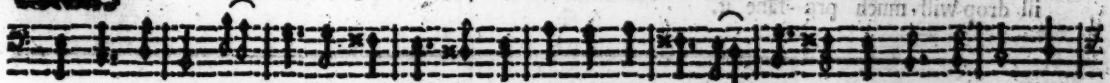
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus,

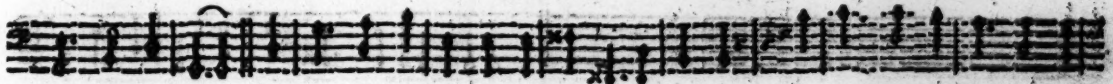
Mr. Matthew Locke.



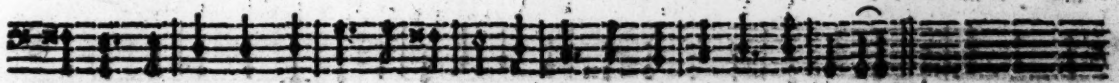
E'r trouble thy self at the Times nor their Turnings, Afflictions run cir-cu-lar



and wheel about : Away with thy Murmuring, and thy heart burning, with the juice of the Grape we'll



quench the fire out. Ne'r chain nor imprison thy soul up in for-row, what fails us to day may be-



friend us to morrow ; what fails us to day, to day, may befriend us to mor-row.



Ly Boy, fly Boy, to the Cellars bottom, view well your Quills and Bung Sir,

'Draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not rascally Wine to rot um. If the Quil run

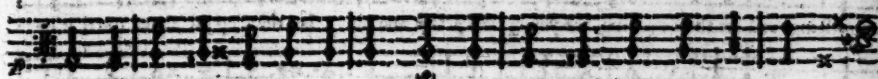
foul, be a tru--sty Soul, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an ill drop will much, an

ill drop will much pro--fane it.

much, an ill drop will much pro--fane it.

If the Quil run foul, be a tru--sty Soul, and Cane it; for the Health is such, an ill drop will

draw Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir; not rascally Wine to rot 'um.



Ly Boy, to the Cellars bottom, view well your Quills and Bung Sir.



Mr. Simon Ives

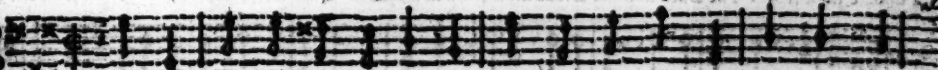
Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Simon Ives.



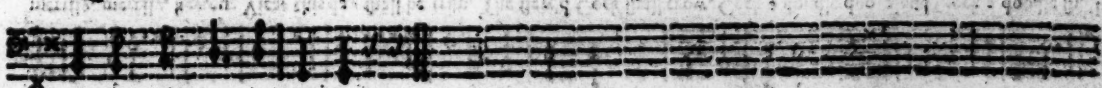
Ly Boy, to the Cellars bottom, view well your Quills and Bung, Sir, Draw



Wine to preserve the Lungs, Sir, not rascally Wine to rot 'um. If the



Quill run foul be a trusty Soul and Cane it, for the Health is such an ill drop will much, an



ill drop will much profane it.

At the Bells now Ring, and let the Boys Sing, the young Lasses trip and play; Let the Cup go about until it be
 out, our Learned Vicar we'll stay. Let the Pig turn round, Hey merrily, Hey, and then the Fat Goose shall swim: For
 merrily, merrily, merrily hey, our Vicar this day shall be Trim. The stew'd Cock shall crow, Cock a doodle doo, aloud Cock
 a doodle shall crow: The Duck and the Drake shall swim in a lake of Onions and Claret below. We'll labour and toil to fertile
 the Soil, & Tithes shall come thicker & thicker: We'll fall to the Plow & get Children enough, & thou shalt be Learned, O Vicar.
 and Tithes shall come thicker and thicker: We'll fall to the Plow, and get Children enough, and thou shalt be Learned, O Vicar.
 crow: The Duck and the Drake shall swim in a lake of Onions and Claret below. We'll labour and toil to fertile the Soil
 merrily, merrily, hey, our Vicar this day shall be trim. The stew'd Cock shall crow, Cock a doodle doo, aloud Cock a doodle shall

out, our learned Vicar we'll stay. Let the Pig turn round, Hey merrily, hey, and then the fat Goose shall swim: For merrily

Et the Bells now Ring, and let the Boys Sing, the young Lassies trip and play: Let the Cup go about until it be

Dr. Rogers. *Cantus Secundus.* *a. 3. Voc.* *A Glee to the Jolly Vicar.*

a. 3. Voc. *Bassus.* *A Glee to the Jolly Vicar.* *Dr. Rogers.*

Et the Bells now Ring, and let the Boys Sing, the young Lassies trip and play: Let the Cup go about until it be

out, our learned Vicar we'll stay. Let the Pig turn round, Hey merrily, hey, and then the fat Goose shall swim: For merrily

merrily, merrily hey, our Vicar this day shall be trim. The frow'd Cock shall crow, Cock a doodle doo, aloud Cock a doodle shall

crow: The Duck and the Drak shall swim in a Lake of Onions and Claret below. We'll labour and toil to fertile the Soil, and

Tubers shall come thicker and thicker: We'll fall to the Plow and get Children enough, and thou shalt be Learned, O Vicar.

Z 2

Mills are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, while the Iron's
 hot, though their gains be small. Thy pot & my pot come thy pot & my pot, come thy pot & my pot, & thy pot, their Hammers
 call. Hallow, hallow, is the white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a
 Wi-nion. Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call. Sure 'tis
 but o-pi-ni-on, but o-pi-ni-on, Ale hurts the fight, for continually, continually, Thy pot and my pot, come
 thy pot and my pot and thy pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call.
 Sure 'tis but o-pi-ni-on, Ale hurts the fight, for continually, continually, Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot and thy pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call.
 Winion. Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call.

call. Hallow, is the white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a
 not, though their gains be small. Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers
 Miths are good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, while the Iron's
 4. 3. Voc. The Jovial Smith. Cantus Secundus. Mr. John Cobb.

4. 3. Voc. The Jovial Smith. Bassus. Mr. John Cobb.
 Miths are good Fellows, good Fellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, they blow the Bellows, while the
 Iron's hot, though their gains be small. Thy pot & my pot, come thy pot & my pot & thy pot their Hammers
 call. Hallow Hallow, is the white Mare fallow, hold foot while I strike, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast, stand fast with a
 wi-nior. Thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot and thy pot their Hammers call. Sure 'tis
 but o-p-nion, but o-pi-nion. Ale hurts the sight, for con-ti-nual-ly, con-ti-nual-ly, Thy pot and my pot, come
 Thy pot and my pot and thy pot and my pot, come thy pot and my pot their Hammers call.

2. 3. Var.

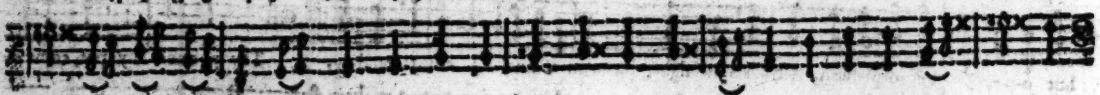
Cantus Primus.

[174]

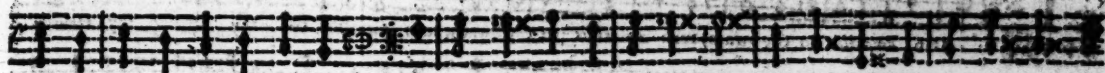
Dr. Wilson.



un-der the Blossom that hangs on the bough.



cry, on the Bars back I do fly af-ter Sum-mer mer-ri-ly. Mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly shall I



Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips Bell I lye, there I couch when Owls do



Dr. Wilson.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

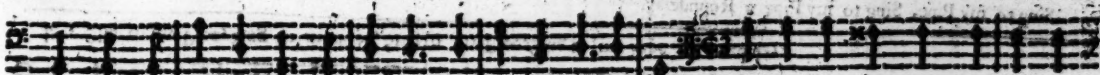
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Dr. Wilson.



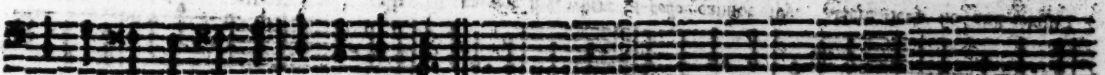
Here the Bee sucks there suck I, in a Cowslips Bell I lye, there I couch when Owls do



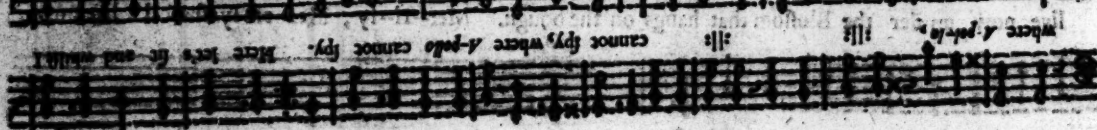
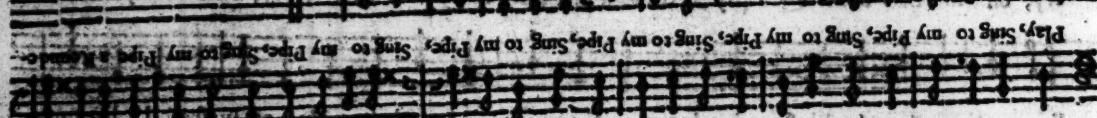
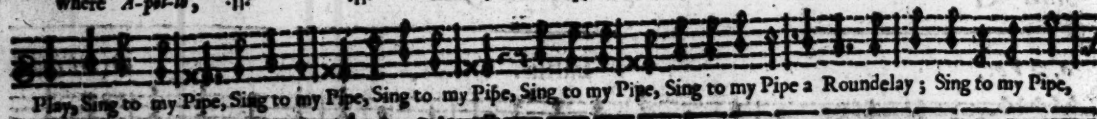
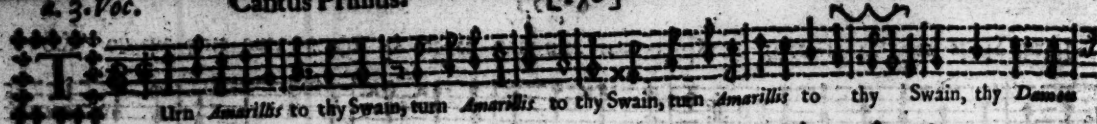
cry, on the Bars back I do fly af-ter Sum-mer mer-ri-ly. Mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly shall I



live now un-der the Blossom that hangs on the bough. Mer-ri-ly, Mer-ri-ly shall I live now



un-der the Blossom that hangs on the bough.



a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.

Mr. Thomas Brewer

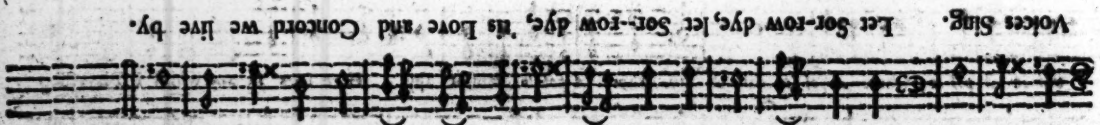
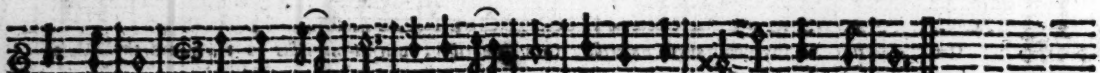
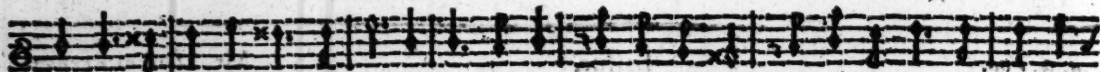
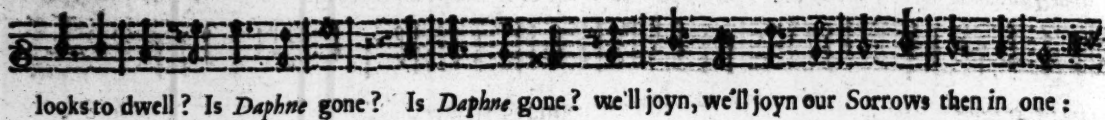
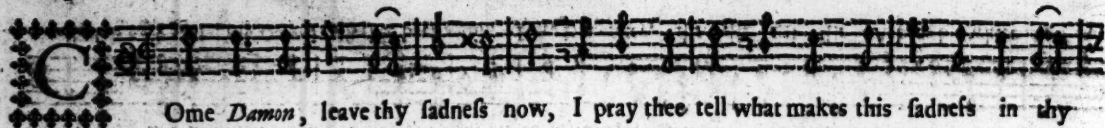
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Thomas Brewer

Urn *Amarillis* to thy Swain, turn *Amarillis*, turn *Amarillis*, turn *A-ma-rillis* to thy Swain, thy *Damp*
 calls thee Back again, thy *Da-mon* calls thee Back again. Here is a pret-ty Ar-bour by, where *A-pol-lo*, where *A-pol-lo*,
 where *A-pol-lo*, where *A-pol-lo* cannot spy, where *A-pol-lo* cannot spy. Here let's sit and whilst I Play, Sing
 to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe a Rounde-lay, Sing to my Pipe,
 Sing to my Pipe, Sing to my Pipe a Roundelay.

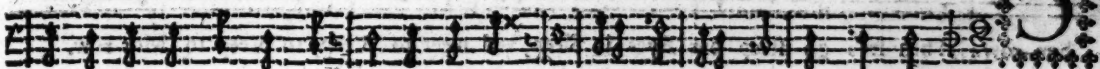
A 2



looks to dwell? Is *Daphne* gone? Is *Daphne* gone? we'll joyn our Sorrows then in one:



Ome *Damon*, leave thy sadnes now, I prethee tell what makes this sadnes in thy



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

(First Part.)

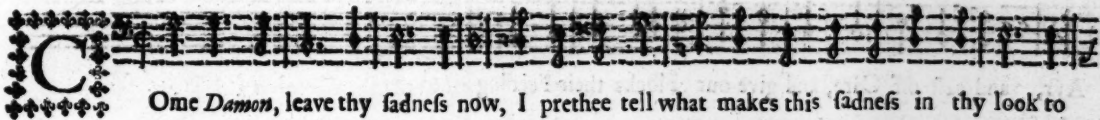
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

(First Part.)

Bassus.

John Playford.



Ome *Damon*, leave thy sadnes now, I prethee tell what makes this sadnes in thy look to



dwell? Is *Daphne* gone? Is *Daphne* gone? we'll joyn our Sorrows then in one: And with Devotion



as we go t'unfold our Flocks up-on the Downs, we'll make a Ring, and with our Voyces Sing,



Let Sorrow dye, let Sorrow dye, 'tis Love and Con-cord we live by.

A a 2

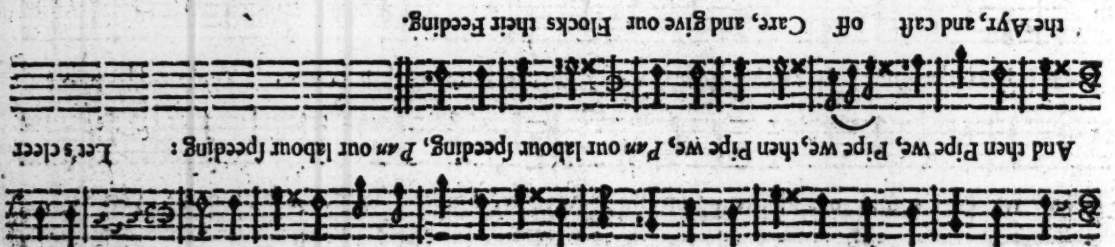
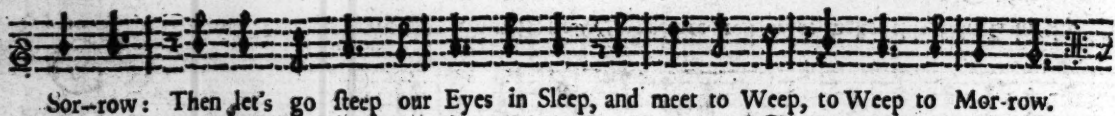
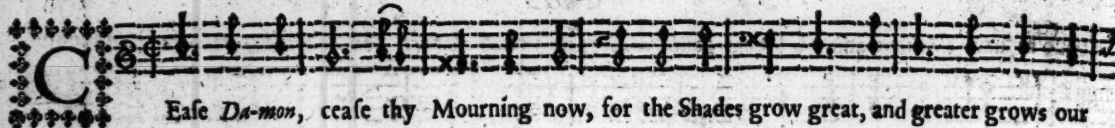
A. 3. Voc.

(Second Part.)

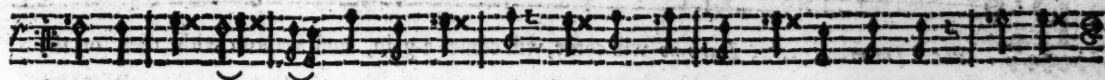
Cantus Primus.

[180]

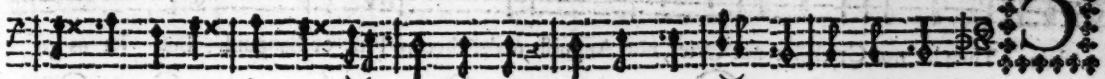
John Playford.



Sor-row: Then let's go sleep our Eyes in Sleep, and meet to Weep, to Morrow.



Ease *Da-mon*, cease thy Mourning now, for the Shades grow great, and greater grows our



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

(Second Part.)

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

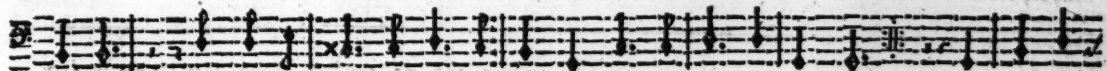
(Second Part.)

Bassus.

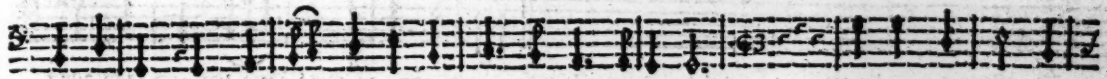
John Playford.



Ease *Da-mon*, cease thy Mourning now, for the Shades grow great, and greater grows our



Sor-row: Then let's go sleep our Eyes in Sleep, and meet to Weep, to Morrow. And then Pipe



we, Pipe we, *Pan* our labour speeding, *Pan* our labour speeding: Let's clear the Ayr, and



cast off Care, and give our Flocks their Feeding.

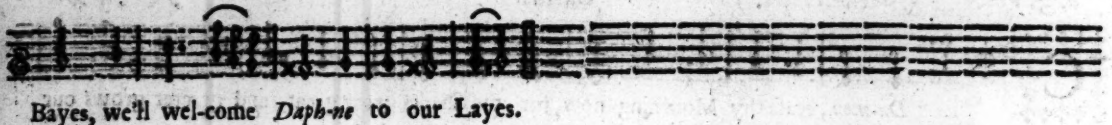
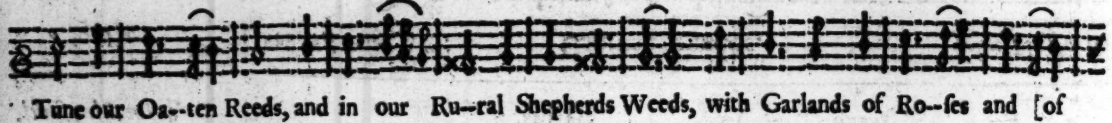
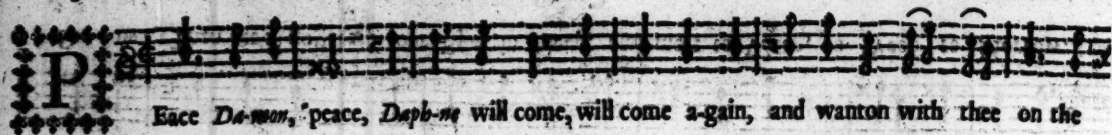
4. 3. Voc.

(Third Part.)

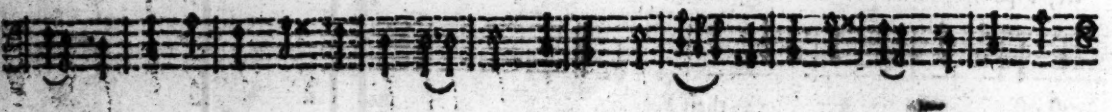
Cantus Primus.

[182]

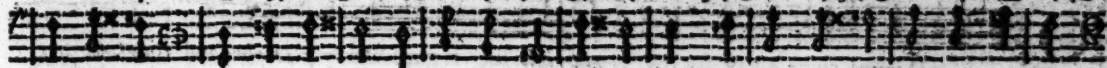
John Playford.



Bayes, we'll wel-come Daph-ne to our Layes.



Plain. Then let not Grief, let not Grief, nor Anguish make thee to Pine or Languish : But let us go



Eace *Damon*, peace, *Daph-ne* will come, will come a-gain, and wanton with thee on this



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

(Third Part.)

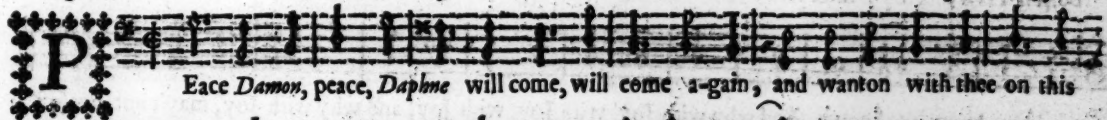
a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

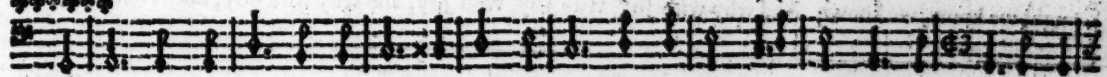
(Third Part.)

Bassus.

John Playford.



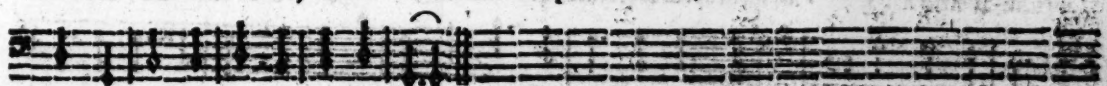
Eace *Damon*, peace, *Daphne* will come, will come a-gain, and wanton with thee on this



Plain. Then let not Grief, let not Grief, nor Anguish make thee to Pine or Languish : But let us go



Tune our Oa---ten Reeds, and in our Ru-ral Shepherds Weeds, with Garlands of Ro-ses and of



Bayes, we'll welcome *Daphne* to our Layes.

a. 3. Voc.

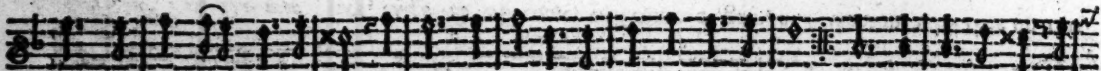
(Fourth Part.)

Cantus Primus. [184]

John Playford.



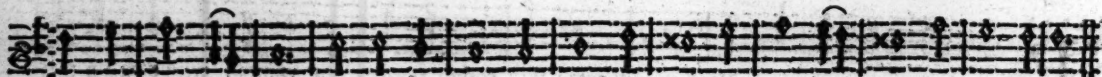
Damon! come away, for thy A-ma-rillis she is gone astray; Daphne and Co-ri-don has



thrown their Scrip and Pipe away, and Weeping say, nothing now but Well-a-day. Grief then joyntly, joyntly



born is eas'd thereby; since sorrow, sorrow was the cause that made them fly; They may re-turn for



ought we know, we know; And why with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, and why with Joy, may't not be so?

ought we know, we know; And why with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, and why with Joy may't not be so?



born is eas'd thereby; since sorrow, sorrow was the cause that made them fly; They may re-turn for



thrown their Scrip and Pipe away; and Weeping say, nothing now but well-a-day. Grief then joyntly, joyntly



Damon! come away, for thy *A-ma-ril-lis* she is gone astay; *Daphne* and *Co-ri-don* has

John Playford. Cantus Secundus. (Fourth Part.)

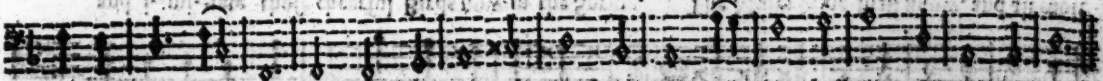
4. 3. Voc. (Fourth Part.) Bassus. John Playford.



thrown their Scrip and Pipe away; and Weeping say, nothing now but well-a-day. Grief then joyntly, joyntly



born is eas'd thereby; since sorrow, sorrow was the cause that made them fly; They may re-turn for

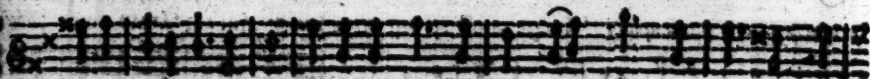


ought we know; we know; And why with Joy, with Joy, with Joy, and why with Joy, may not be so?

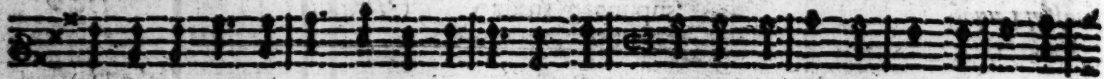
B b



One, come all Noble Souls, whose skill in Musicks Art do joyn, in this So-



ci-ety to bear a Part : For in this pleasant Grove we'll sit, we'll Drink and Sing,



and i-mi-tate those cheerful Birds now in the Spring. The Muses Nine shall know, and all most

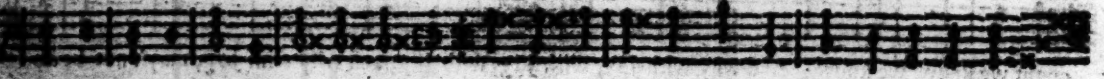


plainly see, our Offering at their Shrine is Love and Har-mo-ny.

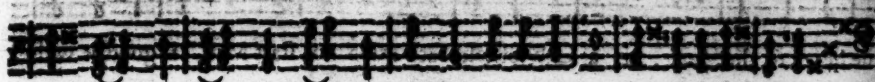
plainly see, our Offering at their Shrine is Love and Har-mo-ny.



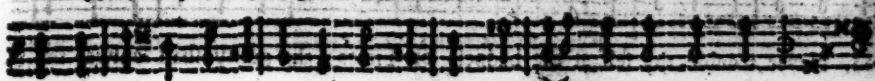
and i-mi-tate those cheerful Birds now in the Spring. The Muses Nine shall know, and all most



ci-e-ty to bear a Part : For in this pleasant Grove we'll sit, we'll Drink and Sing.



Ome, Come all Noble Souls, whose skill in Musicks Art do joyn in this So-



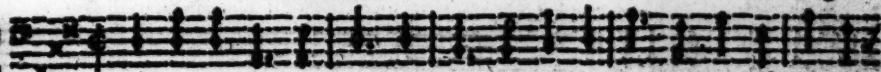
Dr. Rogers. Cantus Secundus.

4. 3. Voc.

4. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Dr. Rogers.



Ome, come all No-ble Souls, whose skill in Musicks Art do joyn, in this So-



ci-e-ty to bear a Part : For in this pleasant Grove we'll sit, we'll Drink and Sing,



and i-mi-rate those cheerful Birds now in the Spring. The Muses Nine shall know, and all most



plainly see, our Offerings at their Shrine is Love and Har-mo-ny.

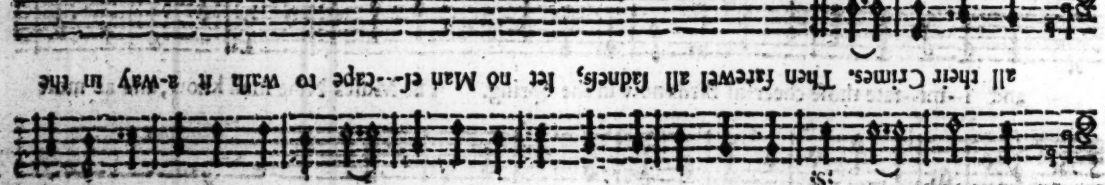
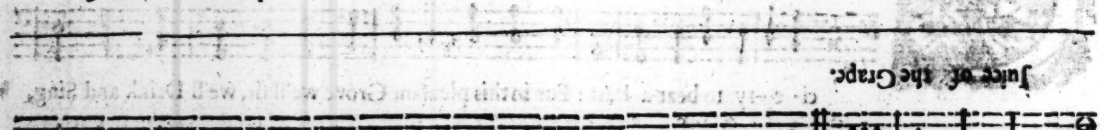
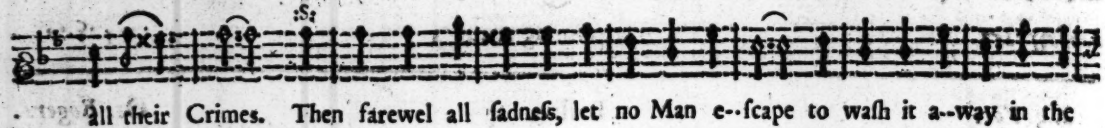
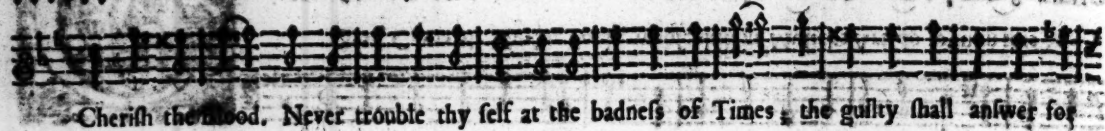
B b 2

4. 3. *Voc.*

A Glee. Cantus Primus.

[188]

John Playford.



Cherish the Blood. Never trouble thy self at the badness of Times; the guilty shall answer for



One here's to thee *Jack*, 'tis a Cup of old Sack: Do not start Man, 'tis good, it will



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

A Glee.

a. 3. Voc.

a. 3. Voc.

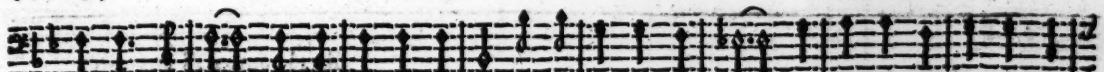
A Glee.

Bassus.

John Playford



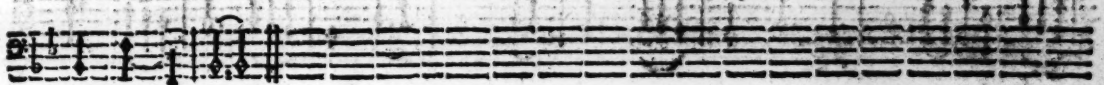
One here's to thee *Jack*, 'tis a Cup of old Sack: Do not start Man, 'tis good it will



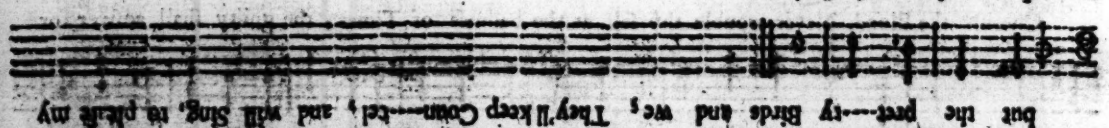
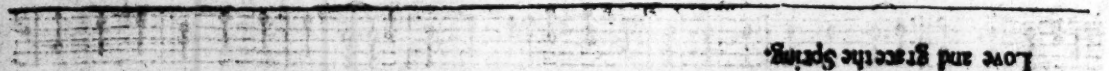
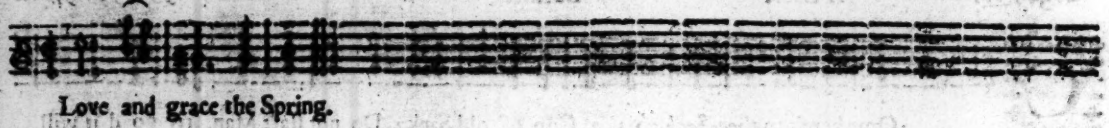
Cherish the Blood. Never trouble thy self at the badness of Times; the guilty shall answer for



all their Crimes. Then farewell all sadness, let no man e. scape to wash it a-way in the



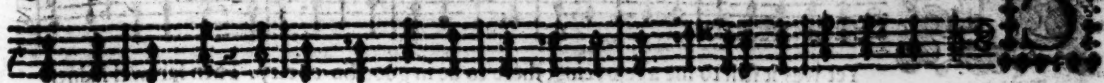
Juice of the Grape.



does but prove you dis-fer-m-ble what you Love. Come then Sweet Ca--li--a, none can see,



U--pid has plac'd us in this Bow'r not to Sleep, but Sport an Hour, All your Coyne



John Playford

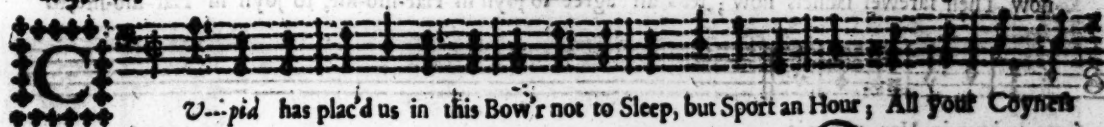
Cantus Secundus.

3. Voc.

3. Voc.

Bassus.

John Playford.



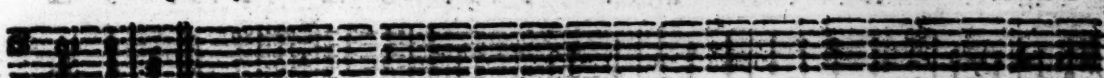
U--pid has plac'd us in this Bow'r not to Sleep, but Sport an Hour, All your Coyne



does but prove you dis-fer-m-ble what you Love. Come then Sweet Ca--li--a none can see,



but the pret-ty Birds and we, they'll keep Coni-cal, and will Sing, to please my Love and



grace the Spring.

a. 3. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[192]

Leno. Hodemonte.

N my lad thoughts I sat and sigh---ed, with which none was de-light-ed.

Yet was it full to me a rejoycing, there to be in good So-ci-e-ty. Then farewell sadness

now. Then farewell sadness now, let's all agree to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to joyn in Har-mo-nie to

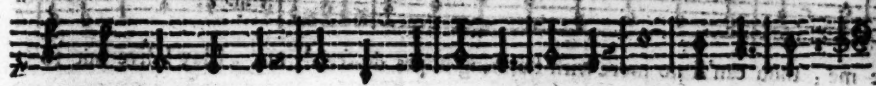
joyn, to joyn in Har-mo-nie.

Then farewell friends now, let's all agree to join in that mo-nie-to join in

lighted. Yet was it still to me a re-joy-cing, there to be in good So-ci-e-ty.



N my sad thoughts I sat and sigh-ed, with which, with which none was de-



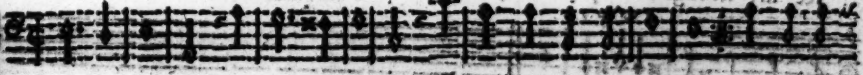
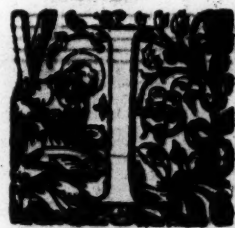
Cantus Secundus. Leno. Hodemonte.

a. 3. Loc.

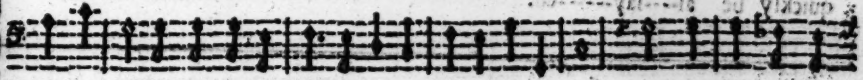
a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

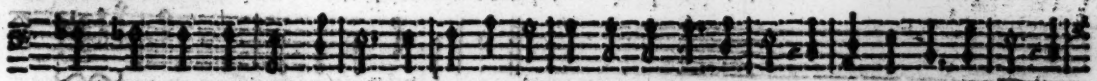
Leno. Hodemonte.



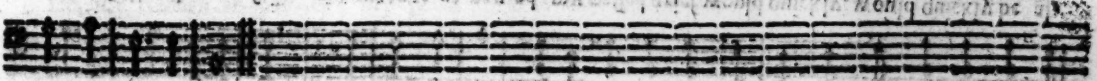
N my sad thoughts I sat and sighed, with which none was delighted. Yet was it



still to me a re-joycing, there to be in good So-ci-e-ry. Then farewel sadnes



now, Then farewel sadnes now, let's all agree to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to joyn in Har-mo-nie, to



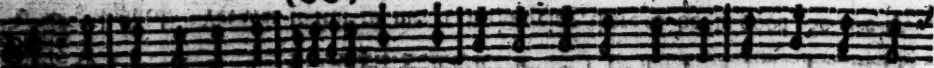
joyn in Har-mo-nie,

4. 3. Voc.

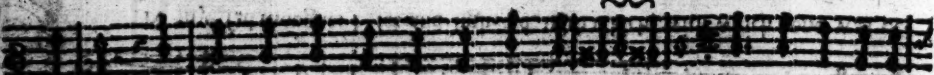
Cantus Primus.

[194]

Mr. Deering.



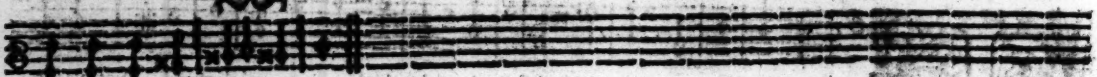
Once vain Affec-ti-ons leave me, thou can'st no more, no more with flat-ting hopes de-



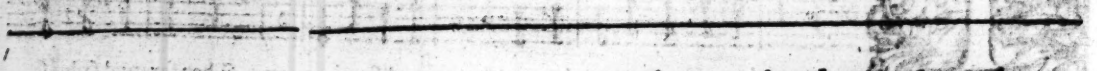
ceive me, thou can'st no more with flat-ting hopes de-ceive me. May I live but to



see my wrongs re-pay-ed; my passed grief would quickly, would quick-ly be al-lay-ed, would



quickly be al-lay-ed.



May I live but to see my wrongs re-pay-ed, my passed grief would quickly, would quickly be al-



hopes deceive me; thou can'st no more with flatt'ring hopes deceive me.

Since vain Affecti-ons leave me, thou can'st no more with flatt'ring

Mr. Deering.

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

Bassus.

Mr. Deering.

Ence vain Affecti-ons leave me, thou can'st no more with flatt'ring hopes deceive

me, thou can'st no more with flatt'r ing hopes deceive me. May I live but to

see, my wrongs re-pay-ed; my passed grief would quick-ly be al-lay-ed, would quick-ly

be al-lay-ed.



all fond desires possess me, how many fears oppress me? how many fears op-

press me? and my Lives best assurance, was but a daily danger: How should my

heart be then delighted, with restless, rest-less, restless cares affrighted? with rest-less, rest-less cares af-

frighted.

•paz---y8!ny--ye saaz qaz-ya

Should my heart be then delighted, with rell-ic's, rell-ic's, rell-ic's
with rell-ic's, rell-ic's care assigned?

how ma-ny fears op-press me? and my Lives best assurance, was but a day-ly du-rance: How

Hilft sond de sires posselt me, how ma-ny fears op-press me? how ma-ny

W

Mr. Deering

Cantus Secundus.

a. 3. Voc.

Mr. Deering.

Bassus.

a. 3. Voc.

W

Hilft sond de sires posselt me, how ma-ny fears op-press me? how ma-ny

fears op-press me? and my Lives best assurance was but a dai-ly du-rance: How should my

heart be then de-ligh-ted, with rest-less, rest-less cares affrigh-ted, affrigh-ted? with rest less, rest-less

cares affrigh-ted.



*Quia lætifi- cat men-tes ho-minum. Po-cu-la dum re-so-nant, re-so-nant va-cu-a dum
fug-a-te mæ-ssi-a cor-dis æ-qui-na.*

*I-bamus bi-la-res vinum His-pa-ni-cum, Nil tam ju-cun-dum aut tam bonum,
Venite alacres nunc Bacchi Milites, seu mentes arma satis fortia,*

Cantus secundus. Ms. Tho. Tempel.

a. 3. Voc. Bassus. Ms. Tho. Tempel.

*I-bamus bi-la-res vinum His-pa-ni-cum, Nil tam ju-cun-dum aut tam bonum,
Venite alacres nunc Bacchi Milites, seu mentes arma satis fortia,*

*Quia lætifi- cat men-tes ho-minum. Po-cu-la dum re-so-nant, re-so-nant va-cu-a dum
fug-a-te mæ-ssi-a cor-dis æ-qui-na.*

re-sonant dum resonant Vi-cto-ri-a, vi-cto-ri-a, vi-cto-ri-a. Po-cu-la dum resonant vi-cto-ri-a,

Po-cu-la dum re-so-nant Vi-cto-ri-a, Vi-cto-ri-a, Vi-cto-ri-a.

Here endeth the SONGS of Three Voyces.

Here beginneth the *SONGS* and *AYRES* for Four VOICES.

A. 4. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

Mr. Hen. Lames.



Ome Clo-*re* hye we, to the Bow'r, to sport us e're the Day be done:



Such is thy pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.

And if a Flow'r but chance to dye
With my sighs blasts, or mine eyes rain,
Thou can'st revive it with thine eye,
And with thy breath make sweet again.

The wanton Sackling, and the Vine
Will strive for th' honour, who first may
With their green Arms incircle thine,
To keep the burning Sun away.

pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee as to the Sun.



Ome Clo-*re*, hye we to the Bow'r, to sport us e're the Day be done: Such is thy

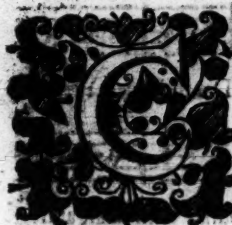


Mr. Hen. Lames.

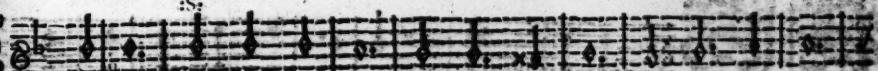
Cantus Secundus.

A. 4. Voc.

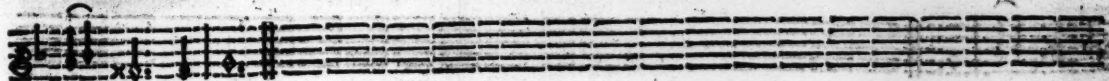




Come *Chlo-ris* hie we to the Bow'r, to sport us ere the day

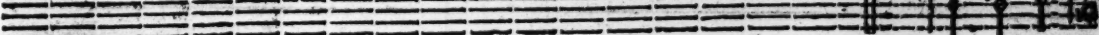
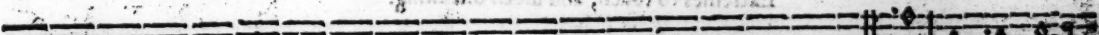
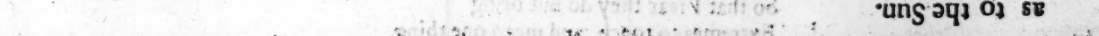
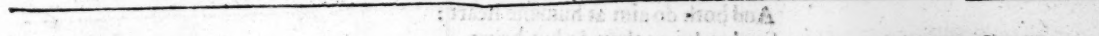
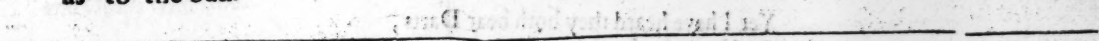


be done: Such is thy pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee

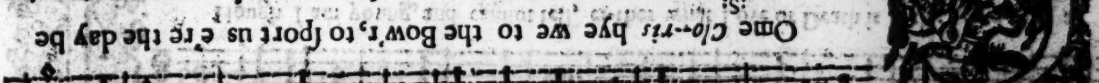


as to the Sun.

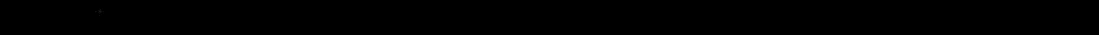
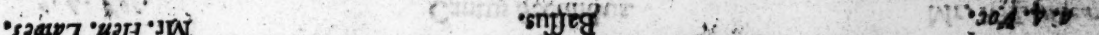
as to the Sun.



done: Such is thy pow'r, that ev'ry Flow'r will ope to thee



Come *Chlo-ris* hie we to the Bow'r, to sport us ere the day be

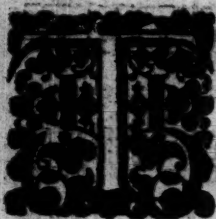


Mr. Hen. Lawes.

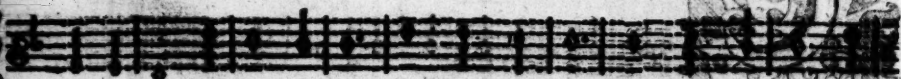
Bass.

p d

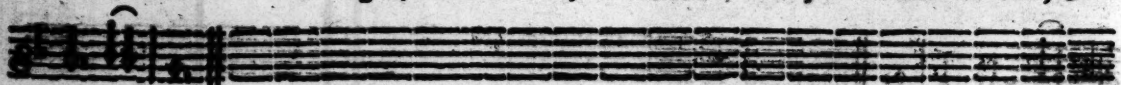
2. 4. Voc.



Hough I am young and can-not tell, ei-ther what Love or Death is well : And



then a-gain, I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat, and



Death with cold.

Yet I have heard they both bear Darts ;
And both do aim at humane heart :
So that I fear they do but bring
Extremes to touch, and mean one thing.

gain, I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat, and Death with cold.



Hough I am young, and cannot tell, ei-ther what Love or Death is well : And then a-



A. 4. Voc.

Medius.

[203]

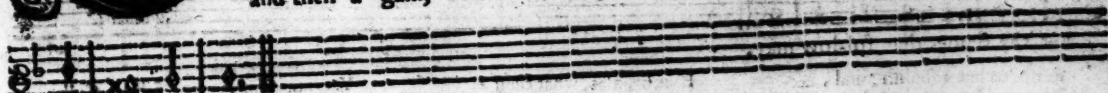
Mr. N. Lannear.



Hough I am young, and can-not tell, ei--ther what Love or Death is well:



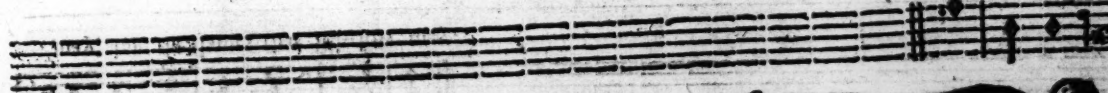
and then a--gain, I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat,



and Death with cold.



Death with cold.



and then again, I have been told, Love wounds with heat, Love wounds with heat, and



Hough I am young, and can-not tell, ei--ther what Love and Death is well:

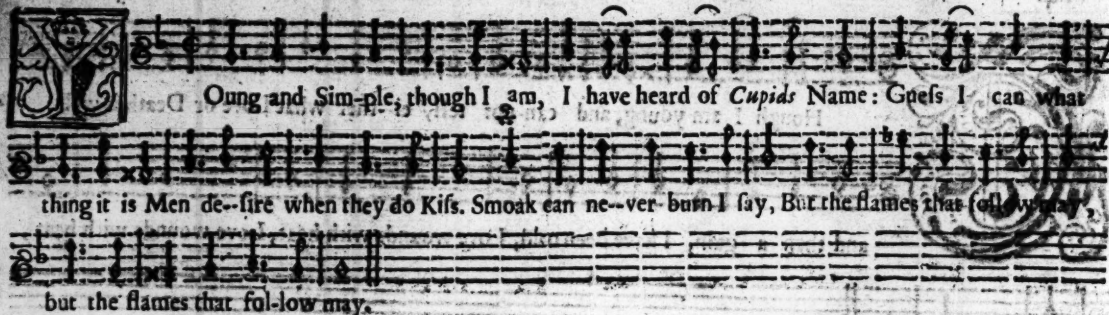


A. 4. Voc.

Bassus.

2 D

Mr. N. Lannear.



Faith 'tis but a foolish mind,
Yet me thinks a heat I find,
Like Thirst longing, that doth hide
Ever on my weaker side:
Where they say my heart doth move,
Yeus grant it be not Love.

If it be, alas, what then?
Were not Women made for Men?
As good 'twere a thing were past,
That must needs be done at last:
Roses that are over blown
Grow less sweet, then fall alone.

Yet not Churle, nor Silken Gull
Shall my Maiden Blossom pull:
Who shall not, I soon can tell,
Who shall, would I could as well.
This I know, who e're he be,
Love he must, or flatter me.

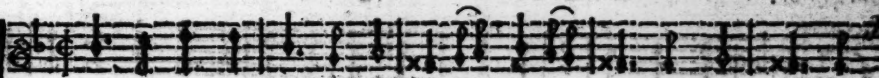


Oung and Sim-ple, though I am, I have heard of Cupids Name: Guess I can what

thing it is Men de-sire when they do Kifs. Smoak can ne-ver burn I say, but the flames that fol-low

but the flames that fol-low may.

may, but the flames that fol-low may.



Oung and Sim-ple, though I am, I have heard of *Cu-pids* Name: Guess I



can what thing it is Men de-fire when they do Kifs. Smoak can ne-ver burn I say,



But the flames that fol-low may, but the flames that fol-low may.

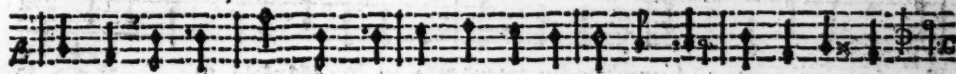
Flames that fol-low may, but the flames that fol-low may.



thing it is, Men de-fire when they do Kifs. Smoak can ne-ver burn I say, but the



Oung and Sim-ple, though I am, I have heard of *Cu-pids* Name: Guess I can what



G O *Pha-bus* go, we care not for thy brightness, we care not for thy brightness, tis the
 Moon sends us home full of Joy and lightness. By her we Dance, and lightly trip our measures, till the
 Nymphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleasures: But her we sing and sweetly Tune our
 Voy-ces till the Hills, and the Woods, and the Rocks, and the Floods, and the Ayr re-joy-ces.

Tune our Voy-ces, till the Hills, and the Woods, and the Rocks, and the Floods, and the Ayr re-joy-ces.
 fures, till the Nymphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleasures: By her we sing & sweetly, sweetly
 Moon sends us home full of Joy and lightness. By her we Dance and lightly trip, lightly trip our mea-
 O *Pha-bus* go, we care not for thy brightness, we care not for thy brightness, tis the

G

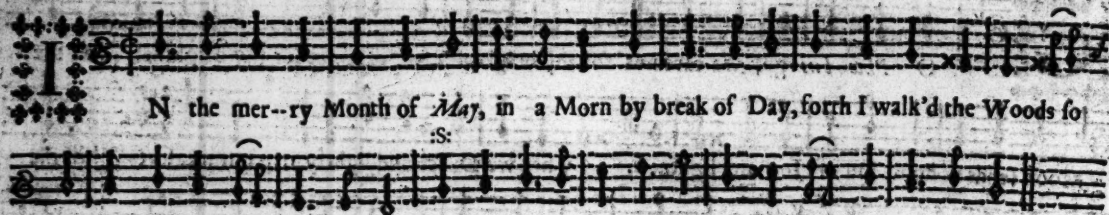
G O *Pha-bus* go, we care not for thy brightness, we care not for thy brightness; 'tis the
Moon sends us home full of Joy and lightness. By her we Dance and lightly trip our measures; 'till the
Nymphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleasures: By her we Sing and sweetly, sweetly
Tune our Voy-ces, till the Hills and the Woods and the Rocks and the Floods and the Ayre re-joy-ces.

G O *Pha-bus* go, we care not for thy brightness, we care not for thy brightness; 'tis the
Moon sends us home full of Joy and lightness. By her we Dance and lightly trip our measures; 'till the
Nymphs and the Fawns and the Sa-tyrs are fill'd with pleasures: By her we Sing and sweetly Tune our Voy-ces, till the Hills and the Woods and the Rocks and the Floods and the Ayre re-joy-ces.

Mr. R. Fleckno.

Bassus.

a. 4. Voc.



N the mer--ry Month of *May*, in a Morn by break of Day, forth I walk'd the Woods fo

:S:

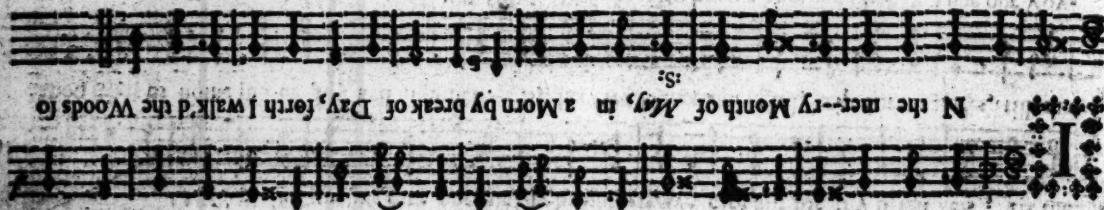
wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy-ed all a-lone *Phi--li--da* and *Co--ri--don*.

Much adoe there was, God wot,
He did love, but she could not;
He said his love was to woo,
She said none was false to you:
He said he had lov'd her long,
She said, love should take no wrong.

Coridon would have kiss her then,
She said, Maids must kiss no Men,
Till they kiss for good and all;
Then she bad the Shepherd call
All the Gods to witness truth,
Ne're was lov'd so fair a youth,

Then with many a pretty Oath,
As Yea and Nay, and Faith and Troth;
Such as silly Shepherds use
When they would not love abuse:
Love which had been long deluded,
Was with kisses sweet concluded.

wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy-ed all a-lone *Phi--li--da* and *Co--ri--don*.



N the mer--ry Month of *May*, in a Morn by break of Day, forth I walk'd the Woods fo

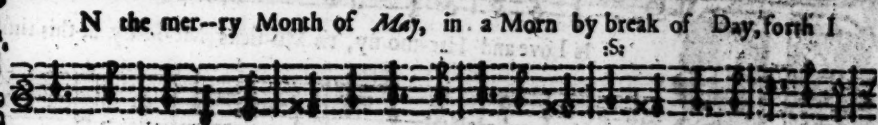
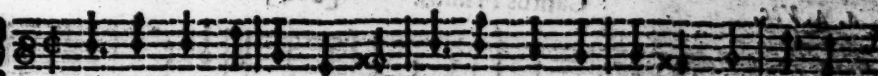
:S:

a. 4. Voc.

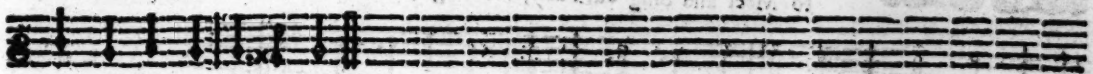
Medius.

[209]

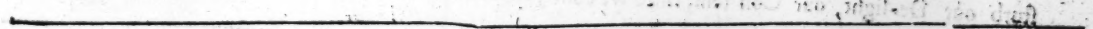
Dr. Rogers.



IN the mer--ry Month of *May*, in a Morn by break of Day, forth I



walk'd the Woods so wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy-ed all a-lone



Phi---li---da and Co--ri--don.



walk'd the Woods so wide, when as *May* was in her pride; There I spy-ed all a-lone



IN the mer--ry Month of *May*, in a Morn by break of Day, forth I



Dr. Rogers.

Bassus.

3 E

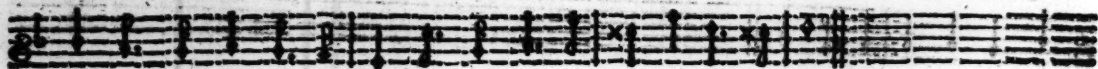
a. 4. Voc.



Is Love and Har-mo-ny, 'tis Mu-sicks Me-lo-dy at this time joyns our hearts



to Meet and Sing our Parts, and Sing our Parts. Then let no man di-

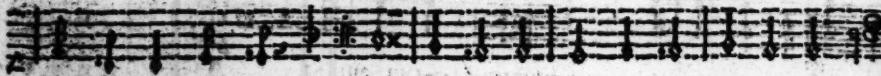


sturb our De-light, our Con-tent, since we come, we come for Mer--ri-ment.

sturb our De-light, our Content, since we come, we come for Mer--ri-ment.



to Meet and Sing our Parts, and Sing our Parts. Then let no man di-



Is Love and Har-mo-ny, 'tis Mu-sicks Me-lo-dy at this time joyns our hearts



a. 4. Voc.

Medius.

[211]



Is Love and Har-mo-ny, 'tis Musicks Me-lo-dy at this time joyns our hearts

to Meet and Sing our Parts, and Sing our Parts. Then let no man di-

sturb our De-light, our Content, since we come, we come for Mer-ri-ment.

sturb our Delight, our Content, since we come, we come for Mer-ri-ment.

to Meet and Sing our Parts, and Sing our Parts. Then let no man di-

Is Love and Har-mo-ny, 'tis Musicks Me-lo-dy at this time joyns our hearts



Mr. Math. Locke.

Ballus.

2 2 2

a. 4. Voc.



yet if *Ca-lia* re-mem-ber how faithful I'll be, neither distance, nor absence, shall ter-ri-fie me

1. But in Volleys of Sighs I le send to my Dear,
And make mine own heart correspond to my fear:
Till the Soul of my Life shall be pleas'd to see
How delightful her safe return is to me.

3. 'Till then I'll retreat to the Forrest and Mourn,
Albin shall Eccho my Hounds and my Horn:
Ne Reynold shall scape though he run by the Way.
Where my Dearest must pass and I am to stay.

4. My Heart hath enquired at every Stone
What Convoy the Heavens hath bequeath to my Moan:
And for ought I can learn, Holy Angels agreed
Both to rival my hopes, and to hasten her speed.



John Playford.

Cantus Secundus.

4. 4. Voc.



Hough the Tyrant hath ravish'd my Dear-est a-way, and I am constrained

with *Mopsa* to stay; yet if *Celia* remember how faithful I'll be, neither

distance, nor absence, shall ter--re--fie me.

distance, nor absence shall ter--ri--fie me.

with *Mopsa* to stay; yet if *Celia* re-mem-ber how faithful I'll be, neither

Hough the Tyrant hath ravish'd my Dearest a-way, and I am constrained

John Playford.

Bass.

a. 4. Voc.

A. 4. Voc.

Cantus Primus.

[214]

John Playford.



Hen Fair *Clorinda* kept her harm-^{S:}less Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet



she had cause enough, enough to Weep, her ill-ly heart did go astray, as she had thought to ease her

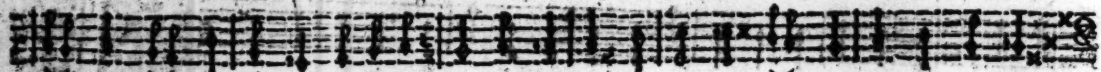


grief and pain, but all re-lief to her was vain,

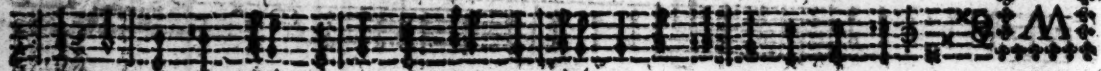
ease her grief and pain, but all re-lief to her was vain.



she had cause e-nough, e-nough to Weep, her ill-ly Heart did go a stry: As she had thought to



Hen Fair *Clorinda* kept her harm-^{S:}less Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet



John Playford

Cantus Secundus.

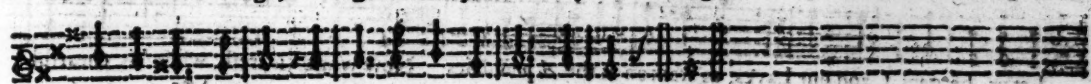
A. 4. Voc.



Hen Fair *Cloris* kept her harmlesse Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet



she had cause e-nough, e-nough to Weep, her sil--ly heart did go a--stray: As she had thought re-



ease her grief and pain, but all re--lief to her was vain.

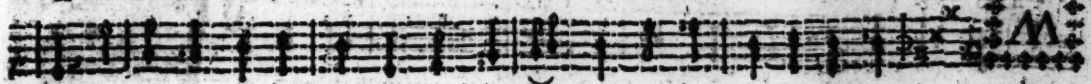
ease her grief and pain, but all re--lief to her was vain.



the had cause e-nough, e-nough to Weep, her sil--ly heart did go a--stray: As she had thought re-



Hen Fair *Cloris* kept her harmlesse Sheep, not one poor Lamb was made a Prey: Yet



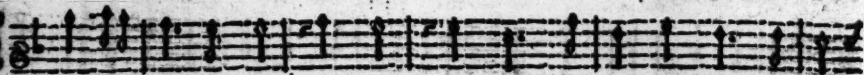
John Playford.

Bassus:

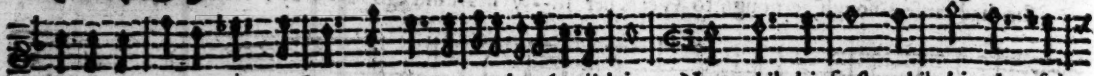
4. 4. Var.



Come let us sit, let Dring and Sing, and pay our Or-ges to the Spring, chant we so



loud that all the Sphears, struck mute, struck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:

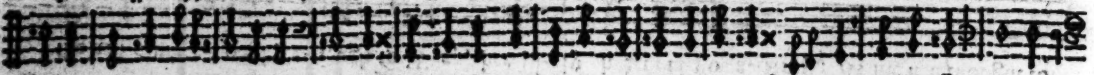


Let us be geni.l, and our Layes, as wanton as the *A-pril* daies Now while 'tis fresh, while 'tis chearful

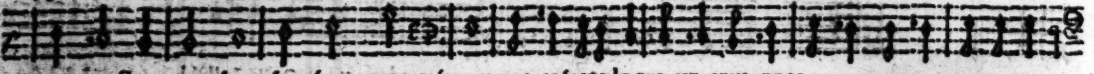


Weather, O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.

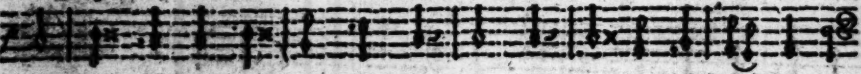
Weather: O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.



Let us be genial, and our Layes as wanton as the *A-pril* daies. Now while 'tis fresh, while 'tis chearful



loud that all the Sphears, struck mute, struck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:



Come let us sit, let's Drink and Sing, and pay our Or-ges to the Spring, chant we so

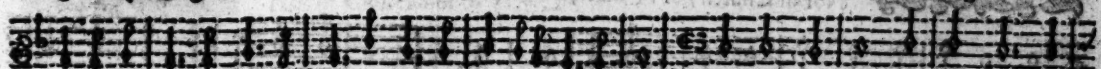




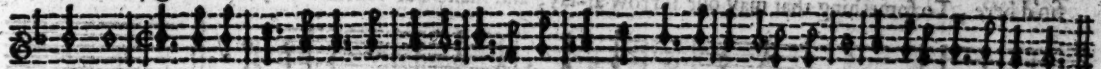
Om̃e let us fir, let's Drink and Sing, and pay our Or-ges to the Spring, chant we fo



loud that all the Sphears, struck mute, struck mute, may Voyces change for Ears.



Let us be genial, and our Layes, as wanton as the *A pril* Jales Now while 'tis fresh, while 'tis cheerful

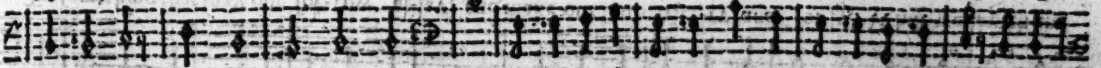


Weather, O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.

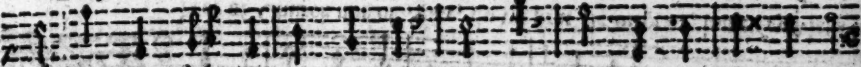
Weather: O let us now Sing all together! O let us now Sing all together! let us now Sing all together.



Let us be genial, and our Layes as wanton as the *A pril* Jales. Now while 'tis fresh, while 'tis cheerful

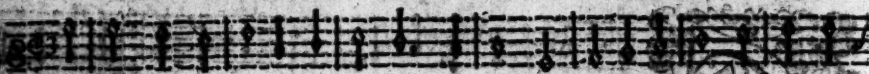


loud that all the Sphears, struck mute, struck mute, may Voyces change for Ears:



Om̃e let us fir, let's Drink and Sing, and pay our Or-ges to the Spring, chant we fo

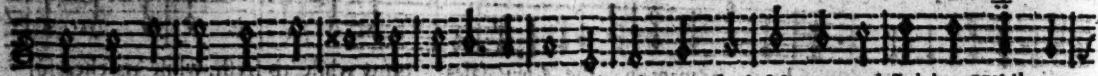




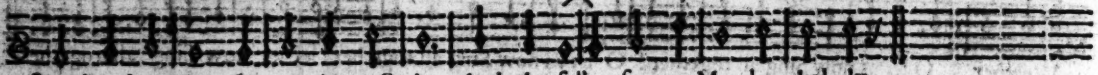
Ow harmless and free are the pleasures which we when e-ver we meet do find here :



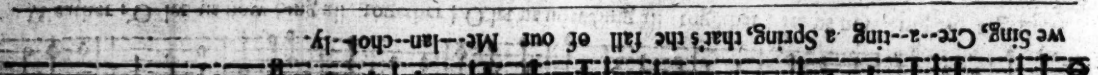
Nor of Church nor of State, do we prattle or prate but ev'ry Mans Gro-ry con-



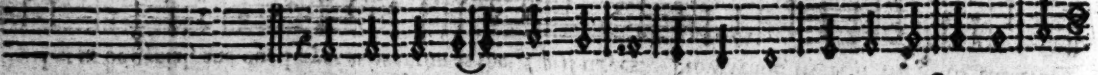
fin'd here, To something that may our sorrow al-lay, and make our souls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we



Laugh and we Sing Cre-a-ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me-lan-chol-ly.



we Sing, Cre-a-ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me-lan-chol-ly.



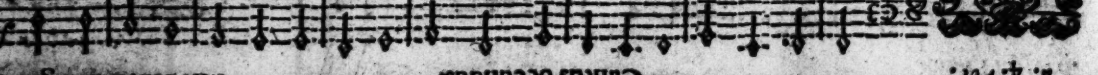
To something that may our sorrow al-lay, and make our souls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we Laugh and



Nor of Church nor of State, do we prattle or prate, but ev'ry Mans Gro-ry's confind here :



Ow harmless and free are the pleasures which we when e-ver we meet do find here :



a. 4. Voc.

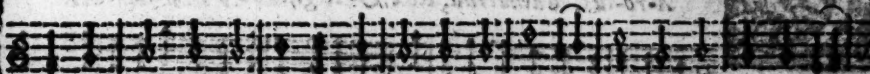
Medius.

[219]

Mr. Ben. Wallington.



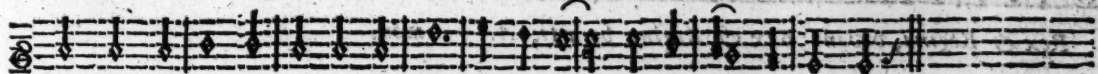
Ow harmleſs and free are the pleaſures which we when e-ver we meet do find here :



Nor of Church nor of State, do we prat-tle or prate, but ev-ry Mans ſto-ry's con-



fin'd here ; To ſomething that may our ſor-row al-lay, and make our ſouls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we



Laugh and we Sing, Cre--a--ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me--lan--chol--ly.

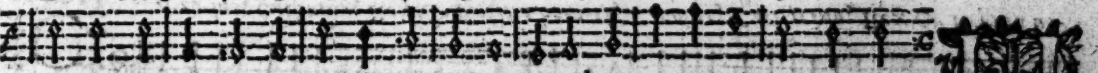
Sing, Crea-a--ting a Spring, that's the fall of our Me--lan--chol--ly.



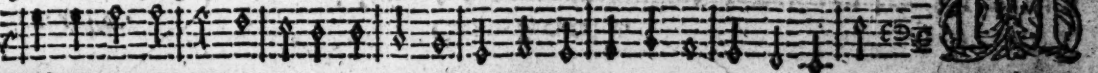
ſomething that may our ſor-row al-lay, and make our ſouls Mer-ry and Jol-ly : While we Laugh and we



Church nor of State, do we prat-tle or prate, but ev-ry Mans ſto-ry's conſid here ; To



Ow harmleſs and free are the pleaſures that we when e-ver we meet do find here ; Nor of



Mr. Ben. Wallington.

Baſſus.

a. 4. Voc.



Arolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina beati; Carolus Catharina, Rex & Regina be-

a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, beati, beati, beati, beati, Vivant Rex & Regina, vivunt

Rex & Re-gi-na be-a-ti, A-men.

Rex & Re-gi-na be-a-ti, A-men.

ati, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, be-a-ti, beati, beati, Vivant Rex & Regina, vivunt

Arolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina beati; Carolus, Catharina, Rex & Regina be-

John Playford.

Bassus.

a. 4. Voc.

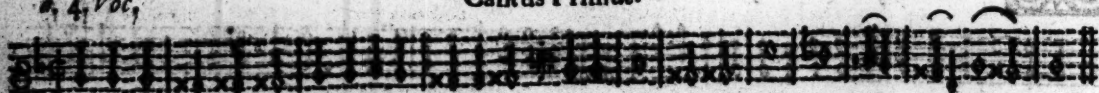
[222]

AN IRISH TUNE.



a. 4. Voc.

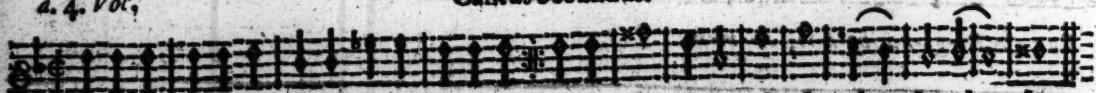
Cantus Primus.



Calli-no Cal-li-no Calli-no Cal-loze me, E-ba Ce E-ba Ce loo loo loo loo lae.

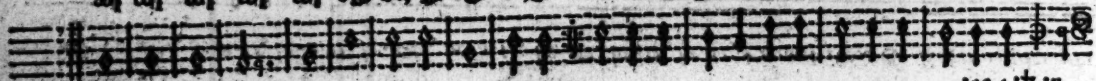
a. 4. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.



Calli-no Calli-no Calli-no Cello-ze me, E-ba Ce E-ba Ce loo loo loo loo lae.

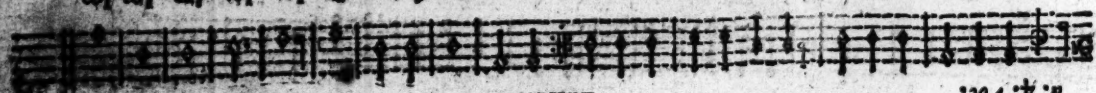
Calli-no Calli-no Calli-no Cello-ze me, E-ba Ce E-ba Ce loo loo loo loo lae.



Medius.

a. 4. Voc.

Calli-no Calli-no Calli-no Cello-ze me, E-ba Ce E-ba Ce loo loo loo loo lae.



Bassus.

a. 4. Voc.

THE WAITS.

Mr. Jer. Savile

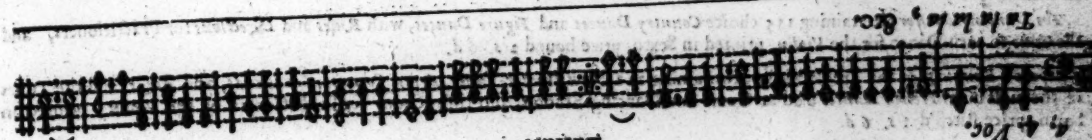
a. 4. Voc.

Cantus Primus.



a. 4. Voc.

Cantus Secundus.



Here Endeth the SONGS for Four Voices.

FINIS.

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